





P. B. Angl. 391<sup>n</sup> Langs













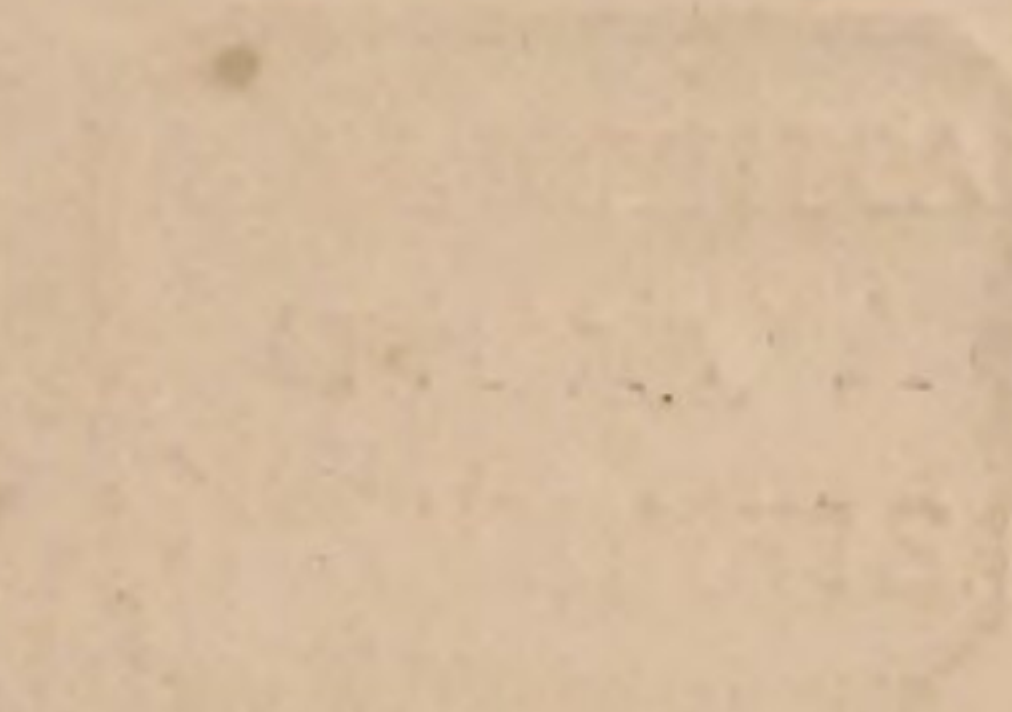
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SONGS OF SCOTLAND.





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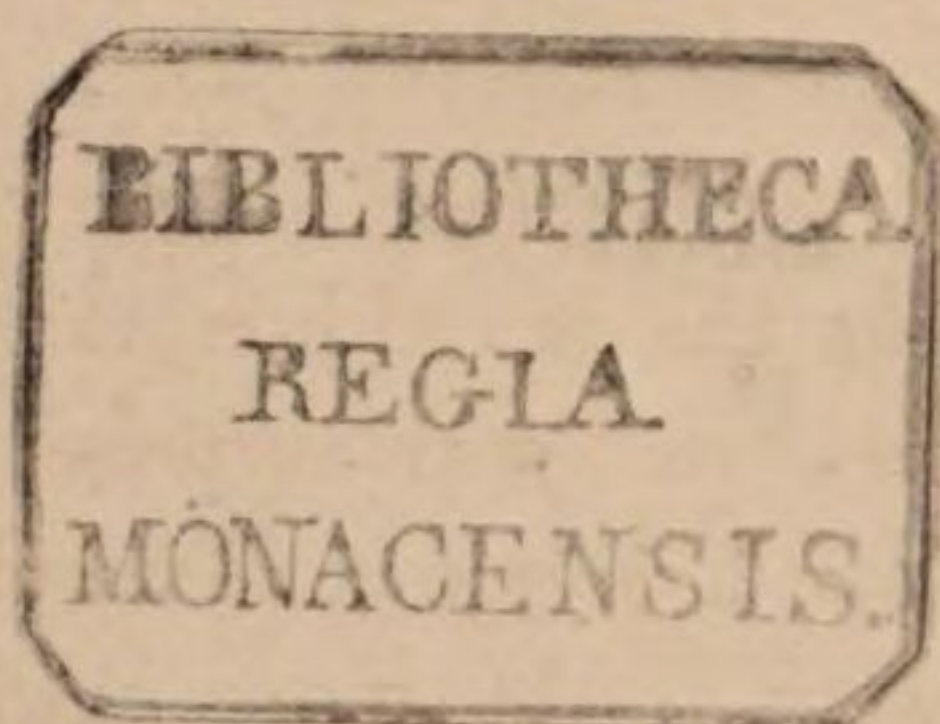
*Old and New.*

“O praise the Lord, all ye nations!”—PSALM XVII. 1.

*Ed. by Andrew Elliot.*

EDINBURGH:  
ANDREW ELLIOT, 15 PRINCES STREET.  
1860.





BIBLIOTHECA

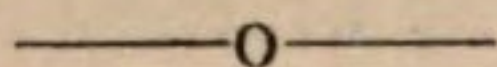
REGIA

MONACENSIS.





## P R E F A C E.



**I**N considering the sacred literature of Scotland, we may well ask, with surprise, why it is that there is not a single collection of Scottish Hymns? This want is the more marked when we observe how numerous are the volumes of Scottish Songs brought before the public, while no attempt has been hitherto made to bring together the *sacred* songs of our country ; not indeed written in the Scotch language ;—for of such, we have none since the middle of the sixteenth century,—but composed by Scotch authors exclusively ; and it is this which has been attempted in the present volume. The editor has selected from a variety of sources, both ancient and modern, and the field has proved so rich, that the difficulty has been, not to gather, but to choose amidst a mass of materials sufficient to fill ten volumes rather than one. In the choice of hymns, as in every other choice, it is impossible to please every one ; not only



do tastes differ, but we are often influenced more than we are ourselves aware by the force of early associations. It is hoped that critical readers, remembering this, will make allowance for the preferences of others, recollecting that such a collection as this would have been incomplete if it had not contained many pieces which were admired in their own day, and are presented as characteristic of their times and authors; but which are often more remarkable for vigour than for elegance,—for truth of sentiment rather than for grace of style. It has not been thought necessary to admit more than a very few of our beautiful Paraphrases into this small volume, as they are already so well known as to be familiar to every child in Scotland.

In drawing nearer to God, Christians draw nearer to each other; and it is instructive to observe how men of different times, different ranks, and different Churches, have poured forth their devotional feelings in strains which return true echoes to each other across every gulf of separation, and find answers in every Christian breast. In reading those holy songs we feel that their authors are bound together, not by poetic taste, or by national brotherhood alone; the oneness of their heavenward aspirations reveals the deep reality of a far stronger bond,—“the Communion of Saints.” It is earnestly hoped that this Scottish Hymn Book, humble as it is, may be found not only



interesting in a national point of view, but useful in increasing a taste for devotional poetry, and in so spreading the elevating influences of holy song as to aid in preparing our hearts for uniting at last in singing the song of the redeemed in the better country above.

The collector of these poems is happy to take this opportunity of thanking each and all of the various living authors who have so kindly permitted the insertion of their pieces ; especially the Rev. Dr. Bonar, Dr. M'Duff, and Mr. Burns, whose beautiful sacred songs would confer value upon any collection.

That he who listens to the songs of heaven, yet "inhabith the praises of Israel," may condescend to bless this lowly attempt to promote those praises, is the earnest desire and humble prayer of the Editor.







*Sacred Songs*

*of the*

*XVI. and XVII. Centuries.*









## Ane Confession of Sin with ane Prayer.

**S**ORE I complaine of sin,  
And with King David weip;  
I feill my hart within  
The wraith of God full deip.  
I wyte my greit trespas  
Is caus of all my wo,  
Quhair with God greiuit was <sup>1</sup>  
Full sore, and oft also.

O God, I me confes  
Ane sinfull creature,  
Full of all wretchednesse,  
Fragill, vaine, vyld and pure; <sup>2</sup>  
There is na gude in me  
Bot pryde, lust, and desyre,  
And warldis vanitie  
The way to hellis fyre.

<sup>1</sup> Grieved.

<sup>2</sup> Poor.



Except God do me saue  
From hell and endlesse paine,  
My sin will me dessaue,<sup>1</sup>  
Quhilk I can not refraine.  
My only hope and traist,  
Help my fragilitie  
My sinnis to destest,  
Resistand constandle.

O cast me not away  
For my greit sin, O Lord,  
I grant my vices all  
Blasphemit hes thy word.  
God for thy greit mercie,  
And Christis woundis wyde  
Ane steidfast faith grant me  
Allone to be my gyde.

Christ Goddis Sone allone,  
Victour of deid and hell,  
Thow tuke my nature on,  
My sinnis to expell,  
And gaif thy self to plaige  
Me catiue to convoy  
To my richt heritage,  
From pain to heuinly joy.

<sup>1</sup> Deceive



Thy servand Lord defend,  
Quhom thow hes bocht so deir,  
Trew preichouris to me send  
Thy word to schaw me cleir.  
Lat me my life amend,  
And thairin perseveir,  
Grant me ane blessit end  
Quhen I sall part from heir.

O Lord God, Haly Spreit,  
Full of benigntie,  
Trew Christis promeis sweit,  
Teich me the veritie.  
Expell my ignorance,  
My sinnis mortifie,  
Grant me perseuerance  
Vnto the end trewlie. \*

\* This and the five following pieces are taken from a Collection of Sacred Poems, published in Scotland previous to 1560; the exact date is not known. They were composed by John Wedderburn, assisted by his brothers, James and Robert, natives of Dundee. They translated the Psalms, and, as Calderwood informs us, "manie of Luther's dytements into Scottish meeter;" besides which they composed many pieces intended to be sung to National Airs, and these were widely circulated under the name of "ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie parts of the Scripture." In the first of the specimens here given the original spelling has been faithfully retained; the others have been slightly modernized.



## Give me thy Heart.

 MAN rise up and be not sweir,<sup>1</sup>  
Prepare against this gude new year,  
My new years gift thou hast in store,  
Since I am He that coft<sup>2</sup> thee dear,  
Give Me thy heart, I ask no more.

Give Me thy heart, for I should have it ;  
It is My right, therefore I crave it ;  
To win the same I suffered sore ;  
And now am ready to receive it,  
Give Me thy heart, I ask no more.

I am the Lord, made thee of nought,—  
Like My own image have thee wrought,  
Thee to all frelage<sup>3</sup> I did restore  
Since My heart's blood thy heart has bought,  
Give Me thy heart, I ask no more.

I came on earth, and there did dwell,  
I sent no message but mysell,  
Thee to relieve of deadly sore ;  
Since I have freed thee from the hell,  
Give Me thy heart, I ask no more.

<sup>1</sup> Unwilling.

<sup>2</sup> Bought.

<sup>3</sup> Inheritance.



I have thee freed from all thirláge<sup>4</sup>  
And have prepared thine heritage,  
Where death shall never thee devour ;  
And now am come to crave my wage,  
Give Me thy heart, I ask no more.

Beware, I am ane jealous God ;  
I am no image, stock, nor wood ;  
Therefore give none of these my glore,<sup>5</sup>  
Since I to heaven must be the road,  
Give Me thy heart, I ask no more.

Let be thy sculptill<sup>6</sup> honours vain,  
Which are confounded and profane,  
And so are all who them adore ;  
As David saith in Scripture plain,  
Give Me thy heart, I ask no more.

Since this last year thou hast offended,  
Contrair My law thy life hast spendend,  
My mercy is ready yet as before,  
In this new year, may all be mended,  
Give Me thy heart, I ask no more.

<sup>4</sup> Thralldom.

<sup>5</sup> Glory.

<sup>6</sup> Sculptured.



## Go, Heart.

 O, heart, unto the lamp of light ;  
Go, heart, do service and honour,  
Go, heart, and serve Him day and night ;  
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, to thy only remede,<sup>1</sup>  
Descending from the heavenly tour,  
Thee to deliver from pain and deid ;<sup>2</sup>  
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, but<sup>3</sup> dissimulation  
To Christ that took our vile nature,  
For thee to suffer passion,  
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

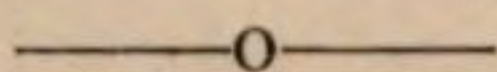
Go, heart, right humble and full meek,  
Go, heart, as leal and true servitour,<sup>4</sup>  
To Him that health is for all flesh,  
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

Go, heart, with true and whole intent  
To Christ, thy help and whole succour ;  
Thee to redeem He was all rent ;  
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.

<sup>1</sup> Remedy.<sup>2</sup> Death.<sup>3</sup> Without.<sup>4</sup> Servant.



To Christ that rose from death to life,  
Go, heart, unto my latter hour,  
Whose great mercie can none describe,  
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.



“Leave me not.”—*Ps.* xxvii. 9.

H my Lord, leave me not,  
Leave me not, leave me not ;  
Ah my Lord, leave me not  
Thus mine alone,  
With ane burden on my back,  
I may not bear, I am so weak,  
Lord, this burden from me take  
Or else I am gone.

With sins I am laden sair,  
Leave me not, leave me not,  
With sins I am laden sair,  
Leave me not alone :  
I pray Thee, Lord, therefore,  
Keep not my sins in store,  
Loose me or I am forlore,  
And hear Thou my moan.



With Thy hands Thou hast me wrought,  
Leave me not, leave me not,  
With Thy hands Thou hast me wrought,  
Leave me not alone :  
I was sold, and Thou me bought,  
With Thy blood Thou hast me coft,<sup>1</sup>  
Now am I hither sought  
To Thee Lord alone.

I cry and I call to Thee,  
To leave me not, to leave me not,  
I cry and I call to Thee,  
To leave me not alone.  
All they that laden be  
Thou bid'st them come to Thee,  
Then shall they saved be  
Through Thy mercie alone.

Thou savest all the penitent  
And leav'st them not, and leav'st them not,  
Thou savest all the penitent  
And leav'st them not alone.  
All that will their sins repent,  
None of them shall be shent ;<sup>2</sup>  
Suppose Thy bow be readie bent  
Of them Thou killest none.

<sup>1</sup> Bought.<sup>2</sup> Destroyed.



Faith, hope, and charitie,  
Leave me not, leave me not ;  
Faith, hope, and charitie  
    Leave me not alone !  
I pray Thee, Lord, grant me  
These godly giftés three,  
Then shall I saved be,  
    Doubt have I none.

To the Father be all glóre,<sup>1</sup>  
That leaves us not, that leaves us not,  
To the Father be all glóre,  
    That leaves us not alone.  
Son and Holy Ghost evermore,  
As it was of before ;  
Through Christ our Saviour  
    We are safe every one.

—o—

*In te Domini Speravi.*

ORD let me never be confounded  
That firmly does confide in Thee ;  
But let thy justice aye be grounded  
With mercy to deliver me.

<sup>1</sup> Glory.



Incline Thy reŵthful <sup>1</sup> ears in time  
To me that am in misery;  
And from all sort of sin and crime,  
Thou blessed Lord, deliver me.

Be my Defender, God of grace,  
My Guide, my Governor, all three;  
And in Thy heavenly dwelling-place  
Of all refuge Thou succour me.

For since Thou art my Strength and Force,  
My Hope, Support, and whole supplie,  
By Thy sweet Name and death on Cross  
Thou shalt upbringing and nourish me.

Thou shalt me guide from girn <sup>2</sup> and snare,  
And hide in secret where nane may see,  
For Thou art Keeper late and air,  
Protector and Defender of me.

My spirit I render in Thy hands,  
Eternal God of veritie,  
Who hast from baleful Belial's bands  
Redeemed and delivered me.

<sup>1</sup> Merciful.<sup>2</sup> Gin.



**F**OR love of One I make my moan  
Right secretlie,  
To Christ Jesú, that Lord most true  
For His mercie.  
Beseeching that He grant me grace  
Or I be gone,  
And to redress my heaviness  
And all my moan  
Or I be dead send me remeid,  
For Thy pitie,  
O Lord, who wrought all things of nought,  
Grant Thy mercie.  
We thee beseech with wordés meek  
O merciful Lord  
Thy humble word with one accord  
Let be restored,  
To sinners all when they do call  
For thy mercie.  
For which on the Rood Thou shed'st Thy blood  
Right plenteouslie.



## Fall and Redemption.

**B**EHOLD the stait that man was in  
 And als how it he tint throw sin,  
 And loist the same for ay ;  
 Yet God His promeiss dois performe,  
 Send His Son of the Virgeny borne  
 Our ransome for to pay.  
 To that grit God let us give gloir  
 To us has been sa gude,  
 Quha be His death did us restoir  
 Quhairof we weir denude ;  
 Nor karing nor sparing  
 His body to be rent,  
 Redemyng, relieving  
 Us quhen we war all schent.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND,  
*Of Lethington, 1496-1586.*

—o—

## The Besieged City.

**O** thousands oft, where dangers are most rife,  
 With honour, fortune or what else held dear  
 To all death's engines dare expose their life,  
 Whilst loss and travail, pleasure do appear,



And all the end expected by this strife,  
Is but to gain some town or fortress near,  
Which in their fury, with confusion foiled,  
Is rased ere gained, and soon thereafter spoiled.

And should not we our whole endeavours bend  
To force that City which triumphs above?  
Which doth invite, and not itself defend  
With sacred arms if we courageous prove;  
No furniture is needful for this end  
But patience, hope, faith, charity and love;  
And all who do this holy City gain  
Shall there for ever, crowned with glory, reign!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, *Earl of Stirling*, 1580-1640.

—o—

## The Ways of God's Providence.

OD, souls to cure, doth divers balms apply,  
Whilst His intent the success still doth crown;  
Some are pressed down, lest they should  
swell too high,  
Some are raised high, lest that they should sink down.  
Some must have wealth, their charity to try,  
Some poverty, their patience to renown;  
He who made all, knows all, and as they need  
Not as they wish, makes things with His succeed.



Since worldly things, God makes both sorts possess  
 Whose use in them a gratefulness should move :  
 Let us seek greater things, (though seeming less)  
 Which for one sort do only proper prove,  
 That heavenly grace whose power none can express,  
 Whose fruits are virtue, zeal, faith, hope and love.  
 The godly may the wicked's treasures gain,  
 But theirs the wicked never can attain.

*Earl of Stirling.*

—o—

## Affliction.

**L**ET not the godly man affliction fear,  
 God wrestle may with some, but none o'erthrows ;  
 Who gives the burden gives the strength to bear,  
 And best reward the greatest service owes.  
 Those who would reap, they at the first must ear,  
 God's love, his faith, a good man's trouble shows.  
 Those whom God tries, He gives them power to stand,  
 He Jacob toss'd and helped both by one hand.

*Earl of Stirling.*

—o—



“The Song of the Lord’s Soldiours.”

*Alluding to the defeat of the Spanish nauie in the yeare  
1588.*

 KING of kings, that sits aboue,  
Thy might, thy mercie, and thy loue,  
Thy works are wonderful to tell,  
In earth thy name mot<sup>1</sup> praised be,  
And in tha holie placis hie,  
For nane is like thee but thy sell.

Upon the firmament thou ryds,  
And all the world diuinely gydes,  
To hell thy power dois extend,  
Men may imagine, men may deuise,  
Men may conclude, and interprise,  
Bot thou dois modifie the end.

This day we magnifie thy name,  
For thou hes put till open shame,  
And turned thy fellow fais<sup>2</sup> to flight,  
Their Idols and their armies greit,  
Their force auailed them not a whit,  
Their towers and towns hes felt thy might.

\* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> May.

<sup>2</sup> Foes.



In weir<sup>1</sup> the Lord giues victorie,  
 From time to time as we may see,  
 Be meanes vnluked for of men:  
 As he was then sa is he now,  
 Though faithless folk will neuer trow,  
 Quhile be experience they ken.

\* \* \*

As wax is melted by the fire,  
 Sa be the Lord's consuming yre  
 The might of man melts cleane away,  
 To sick as constantlie beleeeues,  
 He courage and good succes giues,  
 And will not see their cause decay.

Though for a time the proud preuaile,  
 Their glas will run, their force will faile,  
 Unto the Lord's eternall gloire:  
 And when before our fais we fall,  
 Be sure our sins are cause of all,  
 Quhilk we suld earnestly deplore.

O JAH, our God: be thou our guide,  
 In battails be thou on our side,  
 And we sall nather fall nor flee,  
 Through Christ thy Sonne our sins forgiue,  
 And make us in thy law to liue  
 That we may praise and worship thee.

ALEXANDER HUME, *Minister of Logie*, 1560-1609.

<sup>1</sup> War.



## Evening.

**T**HE gloming comes, the day is spent,  
The Sun goes out of sight,  
And painted is the occident,  
With pourpour sanguine bright.

The skarlet nor the golden threid,  
Who would their beawtie trie,  
Are nathing like the colour reid  
And beautie of the sky.

Our west horizon circular  
Fra time the Sunne be set,  
Is all with Rubies (as it wer)  
Or Rosis reid ou'rfret.

What pleasure were to walk and see  
Endlang a river clear,  
The perfite forme of euerie tree  
Within the deep appeare?

The salmon out of cruifs and creils,  
Up hailed into skowts,<sup>1</sup>  
The bells and circles on the weills,<sup>2</sup>  
Throw lowpping of the trouts.

<sup>1</sup> Small boats.

<sup>2</sup> An eddy.



O! then it were a seemely thing  
 While all is still and calme,  
 The praise of God to play and sing  
 With cornet and with shalme.

Throw all the land great is the gild  
 Of rustic folks that crie,  
 Of bleating sheepe fra they be fild,  
 Of calves and rowting kye.

All labourers drawes hame at even,  
 And can till other say,  
 Thankes to the gracious God of heaven,  
 Quhilk send this summer day.

ALEXANDER HUME,  
*From "The Day Estivall."*

—O—

## The Deity.

UPREME Essénce,—beginning vnbegin  
 Ay Trinal ane,—ane vndevydit three,  
 Eternall Worde, that victorie hes won,  
 Our Death, our Hell, triumphant on the Trie,  
 Foirknowledge, Wisdome, and all-seand Ee,  
 Jehovah, Alpha and Omega, All.  
 Lyke vnto none, nor none lyke vnto thee,



Vnmuifit, quha muifis the rounds about the ball,  
Container uncontained ; is, was, and sall  
Be sempiternall, mercifull and just.

Creator uncreated, now I call.  
Teich me Thy truth, since into thee I trust,  
Increase, confirme, and kendill from above  
My fauth, my hope, but by the leave, my loue.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

—o—

### The same modernised.

**E**SSENCE Supreme, Beginning unbegun,  
Triunal One,—One undivided Three,—  
Eternal Word, that victory has won

O'er death, o'er hell, triumphing on the Tree.  
Foreknowledge, Wisdom, and all-seeing Eye,  
Jehovah, Alpha and Omega, All,—  
Like unto none, and none like unto Thee,  
Unmoved who moves the rounds about the ball,  
Container uncontained ; is, was, and shall  
Be sempiternal, mercifull and just,—  
Creator uncreated, now I call.

Teach me Thy truth since unto Thee I trust,  
Increase, confirm, and kindle from above,  
My faith, my hope, but more than all, my love.



## Paraphrase of Psalm cxxi.

**W**HEN I behold these montanes cold, can I  
be bold,

To take my journey through this wilderness  
Wherein doth stand, on eyther hand, a bloodie band,  
To cut me off with cruel craftiness?

Heere, subtle Sathan's slight doth me assail :

Ther, his proud worldly might thinks to prevaill ;  
In everie place, with pleasant face,

The snares of sinne besets me round about ;  
With poysons sweete to slaw<sup>1</sup> the spirite,  
Conspyred all to take my life no doubt.

But God is hee, will succour me, and let me see  
His sauving<sup>2</sup> health ay readie at command ;  
Euen Jehova, that creat al, both great and smal,  
In heauen and aire, and in the sea and land.

Freat not my fearefull heart my breast within,  
This God will take thy part, thy course to rin,  
He will thee guyde ; thou shalt not slyde ;

Thy feet shall stedfast stand in the right way :  
He will thee keep ; he will not sleepe  
Nor suffer foes to catch thee as a pray.

<sup>1</sup> Slay.<sup>2</sup> Saving.



The Lord doth keepe Israel his sheepe, and will not  
 Beneath his shadow thou shalt saifly ly, [sleepe,  
 Right sure and firm, with his right arme, saue thee  
 from harme,  
 He shall ; and all thy fearful foes defy.  
 The day hot sunne's offence shall not thee greeue ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor cold moone's influence, by night, thee moue.<sup>2</sup>  
 God of his grace, from his high place,  
 Shall saue thee from all ill ; in everie way  
 Thou goes about, both in and out,  
 He shall thee bless and prosper, now and ay.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

—O—

## Sonnet.

**S**INCE that vast orbe, which doth the rest embrace  
 More swift than thoght<sup>3</sup> still whirls about  
 time's wheele,  
 Since years serpentine course with speedy pace  
 Doth a continuall revolution feel—  
 Since houres still slyde, still life away doth steale  
 Why then, my soule, heere art thou luld<sup>4</sup> asleepe,  
 As if on earth's low stage were placed thy well,  
 In streams of slyding pleasures drencht too deepe ?

<sup>1</sup> Grieve.

<sup>2</sup> Move.

<sup>3</sup> Thought.

<sup>4</sup> Lulled.



Breake of thy dreame--from world's basse fetters creepe,  
 Thy sovereigne good with eyes unsyld<sup>1</sup> to view;  
 Ryse from earth's vaile, to climbe that mountaine steepe,  
 The only station of contentment true.  
 Sooth no<sup>2</sup> thyselfe, my soule, shake of delay—  
 Life's flowre both spreideth and fadeth in a day.

SIR W. MURE, of Rowallan, 1594-1657.

—O—

### Sonnet.

**W**AKE mee Lord from fancies charming dreame  
 My spirit rouze vp from lethargie of slouth;<sup>3</sup>  
 With doubled pace O give mee to redeeme,  
 My time mispent—the errors of my youth.  
 Hence let my taske bee thy eternall truth,  
 Free from vain fictions of distempred brains,  
 Grant what thou add'st vnto my years of growth  
 Good seed may prove, cast on more fertile plains.  
 Set to the key of grace, tune all my straines  
 From lawlesse stuffe; fred<sup>4</sup> from conceits prophaine,  
 Which poyson doe with gall the sweetest veines,  
 And with the sprit of lyes most sprits enchaine.  
 My sprit with Thine inspire; on wings mee raise,  
 Lord henceforth let my tongue sound forth thy praise.

SIR WM. MURE.

<sup>1</sup> Unsealed.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> Sloth.

<sup>4</sup> Freed.



## Sonnet.

Y life's fraile barge, with an impetuous tyde  
Is on this world's tempestuous ocean tost :  
For mee, as for our second syre, provyde  
A saving Ark, O Lord, or I am lost.  
Or as Thy people, (while proud Pharoah's hoast  
Seas overwhelmed) through floods firme passage  
fand,<sup>1</sup>  
A vessel weake, mee save,—at too much cost  
Redeem't to be deprived of promised land.  
As earst to Peter, Lord, streach foorth Thine Hand  
On liquid floore while as his fayth did faynt ;  
Let not betwixt mee and Thy mercie stand  
That I a sinner vile, hee lived a saint,  
Thy glorie greater, greater is Thy praise,  
Me a dead Lazare, from sinne's grave to raise.

SIR WM. MURE.

<sup>1</sup> Found.



## Hymn on the Dedication of a Church.

ERUSALEM that place divine,  
The vision of sweet peace is named,  
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,  
Her walls of living stones are framed,  
While angels guard her on each side,  
Fit company for such a Bride.

She decked in new attire for heaven,  
Her wedding chamber, now ascends,  
Prepared in marriage to be given  
To Christ on whom her joy depends.  
Her walls wherewith she is enclosed  
And streets are of pure gold composed.

The gates adorned with pearls most bright  
The way to hidden glory show ;  
And thither by the blessed might  
Of faith in Jesus' merits go  
All those who are on earth distressed  
Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat  
Before they thoroughly polished are  
Then each is in his proper seat  
Established by the builder's care.



In this fair frame to stand for ever,  
So joined that them no force can sever.

To God who sits in highest seat  
Glory and power given be  
To Father, Son, and Paraclete  
Who reign in equal dignity ;  
Whose boundless power we still adore  
And sing their praise for evermore.

DRUMMOND, *of Hawthornden.*

—o—

## The Voice of God's Works of Nature.

**W**HAT silver star, which with her purer light  
Makes day oft envy the eye pleasing  
night;—

Those golden letters which so brightly shine  
In heaven's great volume gorgeously divine ;  
All wonders in the sea, the earth, the air,  
Be but dark pictures of that Sov'reign fair,  
And tongues, which still thus cry into your ear  
(Could ye amidst world's cataracts them hear ;)  
“ From fading things, fond men, lift your desire,  
And in our beauty, His us made admire :



If we seem fair, O think how fair is He,  
 Of whose great fairness, shadows, steps we be.  
 No shadow can compare unto the face,—  
 No step with that dear foot which did it trace ;  
 Your souls immortal are, then place them hence,  
 And do not drown them in the mist of sense :  
 Do not, O do not by false pleasure's might  
 Deprive them of that true and sole delight,  
 That happiness ye seek is not below,  
 Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe."

DRUMMOND.

—O—

## The Ascension of Christ.

*"Lift up your heads, O Ye Gates."*



RIGHT portals of the sky,  
 Embossed with sparkling stars ;  
 Doors of eternity,  
 With adamantine bars ;  
 Your arras rich uphold,  
 Loose all your bolts and springs,  
 Ope wide your leaves of gold ;  
 That in your roofs may come the King of kings !



Scarf'd in a rosy cloud  
He doth ascend the air ;  
Straight doth the moon Him shroud  
With her resplendent hair.  
The next encrystalled light  
Submits to Him its beams ;  
And He doth trace the height  
Of that fair Lamp which flames of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds  
He did to Sun bequeath ;  
The higher wandering rounds  
Are found his feet beneath.  
The Milky Way comes near,  
Heaven's axle seems to bend  
Above each turning sphere,  
That robed in glory Heaven's King may ascend.

O Well-spring of this all !  
Thy Father's image vive ;<sup>1</sup>  
Word,—that from nought did call  
What is,—doth reason,—live !  
The soul's eternal food,  
Earth's joy—delight of Heaven,  
All truth, love, beauty, good,  
To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given !

<sup>1</sup> Living.



Now each ethereal Gate  
To Him hath opened been ;  
And glory's King in State  
His Palace enters in :  
Now come is this High Priest  
In the Most Holy Place,  
Not without blood addressed,  
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.

O glory of the Heaven !  
O sole delight of Earth !  
To Thee all power be given,  
God's uncreated birth ;  
Of mankind Lover true  
Endurer of his wrong,  
Who dost the world renew,—  
Still be Thou our salvation and our song !

DRUMMOND.



## Christ the King.

**I**F in the east when you do there behold,  
Forth from his crystal bed the Sun to rise,  
With rosy robes and crown of flaming gold ;  
If gazing on that Empress of the skies  
That takes so many forms—and those fair brands  
Which blaze in Heaven's high vault, night's  
watchful eyes ;  
If seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands  
Of bellowing billows have their course confined ;  
How unsustained the earth still steadfast stands ;  
Poor mortal wights you e'er found in your mind  
A thought that some great King did sit above,  
Who had such laws and rites to them assigned ;  
A king who fixed the poles, made spheres to move,  
All wisdom, pureness, excellency, might,  
All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love,  
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,  
See, see, alas ! Him now, not in that state,  
Thought could forecast Him into reason's light.  
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,  
Bemoan this cruel death and ruthless case,  
If ever plaints just woe could aggravate :  
From sin and hell to save us human race,  
See this great King nailed to an abject tree,  
An object of reproach and sad disgrace !



O unheard pity ! love in strange degree !

He His own life doth give, His blood doth shed,  
For wormlings base such worthiness to see.

Poor wights ! behold His visage pale as lead,  
His head bowed to His breast, locks sadly rent  
Like a cropp'd rose, that languishing doth fade !

\* \* \* \*

All that is from you craved by this great King

Is to believe : a pure heart incense is,  
What gift alas can we Him meaner bring !

Haste sin-sick souls : this season do not miss,  
Now while remorseless time doth grant you space,

And God invites you to your only bliss :  
He who you calls will not deny you grace,

But low deep bury faults, so ye repent ;  
His arms, lo ! stretched are you to embrace

When days are done, and life's small spark is  
spent,

So you accept what freely here is given,

Like brood of angels deathless, all content,  
Ye shall for ever live with Him in heaven.

DRUMMOND.



## Sonnets.

**L**OOK as the flower which lingeringly doth  
fade,

The morning's darling late, the summer's  
queen,

Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,  
As high as it did raise bows low the head :

Just so the pleasures of my life being dead.

Or in their contraries but only seen,

With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,

And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.

Therefore as doth the Pilgrim whom the might

Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,

Think on thy Home, my soul, and think aright

Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day.

Thy sun posts westwards, passed is thy morn,

And twice it is not given thee to be born.

DRUMMOND.

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Of this fair volume which we World do name,

If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,

Of Him who it corrects and did it frame

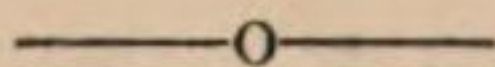
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,

Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,



His Providence, extending everywhere,  
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,  
In every page, no period of the same.  
But silly we like foolish children rest,  
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,  
Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,  
On the Great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;  
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught  
It is some picture on the margin wrought !

DRUMMOND.



## John the Baptist.

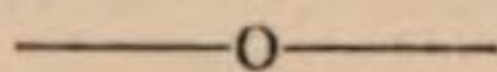
**T**HE last and greatest herald of Heaven's King,  
Girt with rough skins, hies to the desert  
wild,

Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,  
Which he more harmless found than man and mild.  
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,  
With honey that from virgin hives distilled,  
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing  
Made him appear long since from Earth exiled.  
Then burst he forth, "All ye whose hopes rely  
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,



Repent, repent, and from old errors turn !”  
Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry ?  
Only the echoes, which he made relent  
Rung from the flinty caves, “ Repent, repent !”

DRUMMOND.



## Prayer.

**B**AVIOUR of mankind, Man, Emmanuel,  
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquished  
hell,

The first fruits of the grave, whose life did give  
Light to our darkness, in whose death we live,  
O strengthen Thou my faith, correct my will,  
That mine may Thine obey : correct me still,  
So that the latter death may not devour  
My soul sealed with Thy seal ; so in the hour  
When Thou whose body sanctified the tomb,  
Unjustly judged, a glorious Judge shall come,  
To judge the world with justice, by that sign  
I may be known and entertained for Thine.

DRUMMOND.



## The New Jerusalem.

 MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see ?  
O happy harbour of God's saints !  
O sweet and pleasant soil !  
In thee no sorrow may be found  
No grief, no care, no toil !

In thee no sickness is at all,  
No hurt nor any sore ;  
There is no Death, nor ugly sight,  
But Life for evermore.  
No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,  
No dull nor darksome night ;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God Himself gives light.

There lust nor lucre cannot dwell ;  
There envy bears no sway ;  
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
But pleasure every way.  
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !  
Would God I were in thee :



O that my sorrows had an end,  
Thy joys that I might see !

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief !  
No woeful wight is there,  
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,  
No well-away ! no fear !  
Jerusalem the City is  
Of God our King alone,  
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,  
Sits there upon His throne.

O God, that I Jerusalem  
With speed may go behold  
For why ? The pleasures there abound  
With tongue cannot be told.  
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine ;  
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite  
Surpassing pure and fine ;

Thy houses are of ivory,  
Thy windows crystal clear,  
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold  
Where angels do appear ;  
Thy walls are made of precious stones  
Thy bulwarks diamond square,  
Thy gates are made of orient pearl,  
O God ! if I were there.



There David stands with harp in hand  
As master of the queir ;  
A thousand times that man were blest  
That might his music hear :  
There Mary sings magnificat,  
With tunes surpassing sweet ;  
And all the Virgins bear their part,  
Singing about her feet !

There love and charity doth reign  
And Christ is all in all ;  
Whom they most perfectly behold,  
In glory spiritual.  
They love, they praise, they praise, they love,  
They "Holy, holy," cry ;  
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,  
But laud continually.

O passing happy were my state  
Might I be worthy found  
To wait upon my God and King,  
His praises there to sound !  
With cherubims and seraphims,  
And holy souls of men,  
To sing Thy praise, O God of Hosts,  
For ever, and amen !

DAVID DICKSON.



*Sacred Poems*

*of*

*The XVIII. Century.*





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## Here and There.

**Q** SEND me down a draught of love,  
Or take me hence to drink above !  
*Here* Marah's waters fill my cup,  
But *there*, all griefs are swallowed up.

Love *here* is scarce a faint desire,  
But *there* the spark's a glowing fire ;  
Joys here are drops that passing be,  
But there, an overflowing sea.

My faith that sees so darkly here,  
Will there resign to vision clear ;  
My hope that's here a weary groan  
Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing,  
But there the captive is a King ;  
Here grace is like a buried seed,  
But sinners there are saints indeed.



My portion here's a crumb at best,  
 But there, the Lamb's eternal feast,  
 My praise is now a smothered fire,  
 But there I'll sing and never tire.

Now dusky shadows cloud my day,  
 But there the shades will flee away;  
 My Lord will break the dimming glass  
 And show His glory face to face.

My numerous foes now beat me down,  
 But there I'll wear the victor's crown,  
 Yet all the revenues I'll bring  
 To Zion's everlasting King!

R. ERSKINE.

—o—

## The blessedness of Saints in Heaven.

 APPY the company that's gone  
 From cross to crown, from thrall to  
 throne;

How loud they sing upon the shore  
 To which they sailed in heart before.

“Blest are the dead, yea, saith the Word,  
 That die in Christ, the living Lord,”  
 And on the other side of death  
 Thus joyful spend their praising breath.



“Death from all death has set us free,  
And will our gain for ever be ;  
Death loosed the massy chains of woe,  
To let the mournful captives go.

Death is to us a sweet repose,  
The bud was oped to show the rose ;  
The cage was broke to let us fly  
And build our happy nest on high !

Lo ! here we do triumphant reign,  
And joyful sing in lofty strain ;  
Lo ! here we rest and love to be,  
Enjoying more than faith could see.

Our Lord is ours and we are His,  
Yea now we see Him as He is ;  
And hence we ‘like unto Him’ are  
And full His glorious Image share.

No darkness now, no dismal night,  
No vapour intercepts the light ;  
We see for ever, face to face,  
The Highest Prince in highest place.

This, this does heaven enough afford,  
We are ‘for ever with the Lord !’  
We want no more, for all is given,  
His presence is the heart of heaven ! ”



While thus I laid my listening ear  
Close to the door of heaven to hear,  
And then the sacred page did view,  
Which told me all I heard was true.

Yet showed me that the heavenly song  
Surpasses every mortal tongue,  
With such unutterable strains  
As none in fettering flesh attains.

Then said I, "O, to mount away  
And leave this clog of heavy clay!  
Let wings of Time more hasty fly  
That I may join the songs on high!"

RALPH ERSKINE.

—o—

## We preach Christ crucified.

*1 Cor. i. 23.*

**T**HE Spirit and the Scriptures both agree  
Jointly, says Christ, to "*testify of Me,*"  
The preacher, then, will from his text  
decline,

That scorns to harmonize with this design.  
Press moral duties to the last degree,  
Why not! but mind,—lest we successful be,



No light—no hope—no strength for duties spring  
Where Jesus is not Prophet, Priest and King !  
No light to see the way, unless He teach ;  
No joyful hope save in His blood we reach,  
No strength—unless His royal arm He stretch.  
Then from our leading scope how gross we fall,  
If like His name in every gospel call,  
We make not Him the first, the Last, the All !  
Our office is to bear the radiant torch  
Of Gospel light into the darkened porch  
Of human understandings, and display  
The joyful dawn of everlasting day.  
To draw the golden Chariot of free grace,—  
The darkened shades with shining rays to chase,—  
Till Heaven's bright Lamp on circling wheels be  
hurled  
With sparkling grandeur round the dusky world ;  
And thus to bring in dying mortals' sight,  
New Life and Immortality to light.  
We're charged to preach the gospel unconfined  
To every creature of the human kind ;  
To call with tenders of salvation free  
All corners of the earth to "come and see ;"  
And every sinner most excuseless make  
By urging rich and poor to "come and take."

RALPH ERSKINE.



## Zion comforted.



ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man  
can save ;

With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

Loud roaring the billows would thee overwhelm  
But skilful's the pilot that sits at the helm ;  
His wisdom, His power, His faithfulness stand,  
Engaged to conduct thee in safety to land.

O fearful, O faithless, in mercy He cries,  
My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes ?  
Still, still, I am with thee and faithful to keep,  
Though seeming amid the rough tempest to sleep.

Forget thee I will not ; I cannot forget  
What Calvary witnessed to cancel thy debt,  
On the palms of my hands, while looking I see  
The wounds I received while suffering for thee.

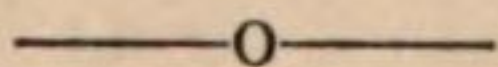
I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans :  
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones ;  
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain  
Yet all are now needful, not one is in vain.



O Saviour, we trust Thee ! our life is secure :  
Thy wisdom is perfect, supreme is Thy power ;  
In love Thou correctest, our souls to refine,  
To make us at length in Thy likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak, are Thy care,  
The helpless, the hopeless, Thou hearest their prayer ;  
From all our afflictions Thy glory shall spring,  
The deeper our sorrows the louder we'll sing !

J. GRANT.



## The Lord's Supper.

**H**ENCE is this table richly spread ?  
What guests are here to share ?  
Does God inviting angels high  
For them this Feast prepare ?

Nay, sure for perfect innocence  
No welcome here is found,  
But blind and maimed and guilty souls  
This table must surround.

Then I'll go forward,—guilty I,  
And humbly take my place ;



Now screen my soul, O wrap me, Lord,  
In Thine own righteousness.

Under this spotless robe secure  
Thy sinful child shall lie,  
Nor need to tremble at the approach  
Of Holy Majesty.

His oath confirms what He hath spoke,  
And here's His seal and sign,  
"This broken bread my Body is,  
"My blood this flowing Wine."

Kindly He calls us now to take  
These symbols and believe,  
"Stretch forth your hands, my needy friends,  
And a whole Christ receive!"

Lo then I take a broken Christ!  
Broken, He says, for me,  
From His dear hand the cup I drink,  
That seals my liberty.

This blood removes the awful curse  
That bound me down to Hell;  
And blessings purchased, far beyond  
What angels' tongues can tell.



Eternal freedom by His death  
My captive soul obtains,  
Now hell and sin and conquering grave  
Where are your powerful chains?

Come let us all this bread and wine  
Among ourselves divide ;—  
A lasting sign of union sweet  
In Him who loved and died.

Henceforth let kindred love prevail,  
And friendship stand confest,  
Nor other strife 'mongst us appear,  
But who shall serve Him best !

From strength to strength as on we go,  
His name we'll ever bless,  
Who thus restores our fainting hearts,  
Here in the wilderness.

And this dear pledge of Jesus' love,  
Though scorned by thoughtless men  
We will from age to age transmit,  
Till He return again !

JAMES GRANT.



## The Goodness of Providence.

**W**HEN my breast labours with oppressive care  
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;  
When all my warring passions are at strife,  
O let me listen to the words of life :  
Raptures deep felt His doctrine did impart  
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart.

Think not when all your scanty stores afford  
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;  
Think not when worn the homely robe appears,  
While on the roof the howling tempest bears ;  
“What farther shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again?”  
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?  
And the fair body its investing weed ?  
Behold and look away your low despair,  
See the light tenants of the barren air ;  
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,  
Nought but the woodland, and the pleasing song.  
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends His eye  
On the least wing that floats along the sky.  
To Him they sing when spring renews the plain,  
To Him they cry in winter's pinching reign ;  
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain.



He hears the gay and the distressful call,  
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.  
 Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,  
 Observe the various vegetable race;  
 They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,  
 Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow;  
 What regal vestments can with them compare!  
 What king so shining, or what queen so fair?  
 If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,  
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spread,  
 Will He not care for you, ye faithless say?  
 Is He unwise? or are ye less than they?

JAMES THOMSON, *Author of "The Seasons."*

—O—

Genesis xxviii. 20-22.

 GOD of Abraham by whose hand  
 Thy people still are fed;  
 Who through this weary pilgrimage  
 Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
 Before Thy throne of grace:  
 God of our fathers! be the God  
 Of their succeeding race.



Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide :  
Give us by day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

JOHN LOGAN

—o—

Rev. vii. 13-17.

**H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine !  
Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day ?  
Lo ! these are they from suff'rings great  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.



Now, with triumphal palms, they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love amidst  
The glories of the sky.  
His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing ;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray ;  
God is their sun, whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.  
The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne  
Shall o'er them still preside ;  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,  
Where living streams appear ;  
And God the Lord, from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.

WILLIAM CAMERON.



Lines from "An Elegy written in  
Spring."

**N**OW spring returns : but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known ;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,  
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,  
And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;  
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains ;  
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,  
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes ;  
The world and all its busy follies leave,  
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.



There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,  
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes ;  
Rest in the hopes of an Eternal Day,—  
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise !

MICHAEL BRUCE.

—o—

## Advent.



MESSIAH ! at Thy glad approach  
The howling winds are still ;  
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,  
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains at thy call  
Their sacred stores unlock ;  
Loud in the desert sudden streams  
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends  
Upon the morning gale ;  
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,  
The lilies in the vale.

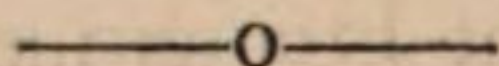
Renewed, the Earth a robe of light  
A robe of beauty wears,  
And in new heavens a brighter sun  
Leads on the promised years.



The kingdom of Messiah come  
Appointed times disclose,  
And fairer in Emmanuel's land  
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace  
The loud hosanna sing ;  
With hallelujahs and with hymns  
O Zion, hail thy King !

JOHN LOGAN.



## The Millennium.

EHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise,  
On mountain tops above the hills  
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to His house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.

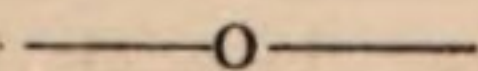


No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords  
To pruning hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,  
Their millions slain deplore,  
They hang the trumpet in the hall  
And study war no more.

Come then,—O come from every land,  
To worship at His shrine,  
And walking in the light of God  
With holy beauties shine.

The 18th Paraphrase as originally written by Michael Bruce.



## The Great High Priest.

**W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious blood,  
Pursues in heav'n His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.



Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a Brother's eye,  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow suff'rer yet retains  
A fellow feeling of our pains ;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aids of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

JOHN LOGAN.

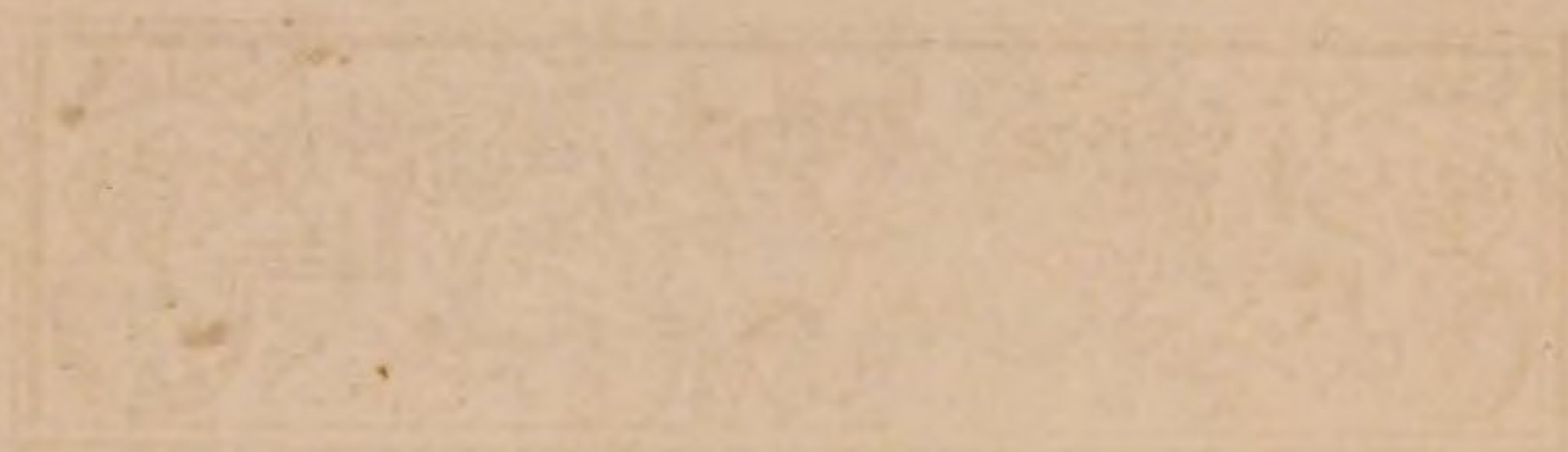


MODERN SACRED POETRY.

Part I.

*Hymns of Prayer and Praise.*





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## Praise the Lord.



WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,  
O gratefully sing His power and His love !  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of  
days,  
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.

O tell of His might! O sing of His grace !  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath, the deep thunderclouds form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold  
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old ;  
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;



It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.  
Thy mercies how tender? how firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
Thy humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.



Christ to live—Gain to die.

HRIST, of all my hopes the ground,  
Christ the spring of all my joy,  
Still in Thee may I be found,  
Still for Thee my powers employ.

Let Thy love my heart inflame;  
Keep Thy fear before my sight,  
Be Thy praise my highest gain,  
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

When affliction clouds my sky  
And the wintry tempests blow,  
Let Thy mercy beaming eye  
Sweetly cheer the night of woe.

When new triumphs of Thy name  
Swell the raptured songs above,  
May I feel the kindred flame,  
Full of zeal and full of love.

Life's best joy to see Thy praise  
Fly on wings of gospel light,  
Leading on millennial days,  
Scattering all the shades of night.



Fountain of o'erflowing grace,  
Freely from Thy fulness give,  
Till I close my earthly race  
May I prove it, "Christ to live."

---

## PART II.

JESUS, my redeeming Lord  
In the hour of Death be near!  
Let Thy smile of love afford  
Full relief from all my fear.

Firmly trusting in Thy blood,  
Nothing shall my heart confound;  
Safely I shall pass the flood,  
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

When I touch the blessed shore  
Back the closing waves shall roll;  
Death's dark stream shall never more  
Part from Thee my ravished soul;

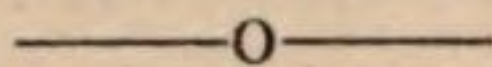
Thus, O thus, an entrance give  
To the land of cloudless sky!  
Having known it "Christ to live,"  
Let me know it, "*Gain to die!*"



Gain, to part from all my grief,  
 Gain, to bid my sins farewell,  
 Gain, of all my gains the chief,  
 Ever with the Lord to dwell.

This Thy people's favoured lot,  
 Peace on earth and bliss on high;  
 This the heritage they've got,  
*"Christ to live and gain to die!"*

DR. WARDLAW.



## Praise the Lord.

TAND up, and bless the Lord,  
 Ye people of His choice;  
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your  
 God

With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,  
 Above all blessing high,  
 Who would not fear His holy name,  
 And laud and magnify?

O for the living flame  
 From His own altar brought,



To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels Him near.

God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation's ours ;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up, and bless His glorious name  
Henceforth for evermore.

J. MONTGOMERY.

—o—

## Peace.

*"Great shall be the peace of thy children."*

 H little does the vain world know  
From whence the Christian's peace doth  
flow !

While they are fretting on their way,  
Midst cares and troubles every day,



*His* peace is like a flowing river,  
He tastes it here, he'll drink it ever.

They have no anchor for their bark,  
When floods arise they have no ark;  
But the believer fears no harm,  
He leans upon his Saviour's arm,  
On Him alone his trust relies,  
His hope is anchored in the skies.

Yes Lord, 'tis sweet to lean on Thee!  
To feel the arm that bled for me,  
To see this world a wilderness;  
To know my Saviour's tenderness;  
And when I'm weary of the way  
Upon Thy breast my head to lay.

Lord, grant this place may still be mine,  
Held by Thy powerful arm divine;  
On Thee my soul, my all, I cast,  
I know that Thou wilt hold me fast;  
Through life and death Thou wilt be near,  
Therefore, O Lord, what need I fear?

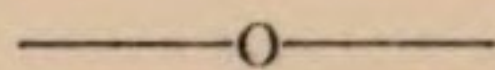
Jesus, 'tis sweet to follow Thee,  
Sometimes in tears Thou leadest me;  
Sometimes I'm led through flowery ways,  
With joys around and happy days.



But, my Beloved and my Friend,  
Still guide me to my journey's end!

Until at last my feet shall stand  
Upon the shores of Canaan's land ;  
And then I shall look back and trace  
The way He led me by His grace,  
And, sinless, drink of the pure River  
And follow there the Lamb for ever!

S. S. M.



## A Harvest Hymn.

**A**SSIST me, Lord, while I would sing  
The praises of my God and King;  
But ah! what mortal tongue can reach  
A theme beyond the powers of speech?

For when I cast my eyes abroad  
Thy dazzling wonders, O my God!  
Fill every scene and every sense  
With views of Thine omnipotence.

There's not a flow'ring shrub that grows,  
A thorny bush, or beauteous rose,



But speaks of energies divine,  
Which through all nature's limits shine.

And when on Autumn's golden crest  
Our grateful eyes with raptures rest,  
Who can forbear to raise the song  
Which to Thy boundless love belong!

Thy goodness blessed the fertile soil,  
And richly crowned the labourer's toil;  
Each spacious field is covered o'er  
With waving corn, Thy bounteous store.

Large flocks beside yon silver flood  
Regale in pastures fresh and good;  
Their thankful bleatings as they graze  
Confess the Hand that sends them these.

The cheerful birds from spray to spray,  
Swell nature's joyful symphony:  
Shall man, sprung from a source divine,  
Be last of all the choir to join!

No! let his anthems to the skies,  
Above the cloud-capt mountains rise,  
Till every tongue proclaim abroad  
A risen, ruling, reigning God.

Yes! Jesus, through Thy love divine  
Thy Father's grace and mercy shine;



While Thy bless'd Spirit doth impart  
Each spring of comfort to the heart.

Then ever bless'd be God the Lord,  
In boundless majesty adored ;  
Thine is the greatness, Thine shall be  
The glory and the victory.

Thine is the majesty supreme,  
The heavens with all their starry frame ;  
Thine is the earth's unfathomed store,  
And Thine the kingdom evermore.

Its high-exalted Head art Thou,  
Before Thee sceptred monarchs bow ;  
Honour and wealth are Thine to give,  
And of thy fulness all receive.

Another boon, O Lord, would we,  
In humble hope implore of Thee,—  
Add to these temporal mercies given  
The everlasting bread from heaven.

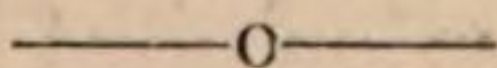
Increase those budding graces, Lord,  
Planted by Thy celestial word,  
Till, crowned with those rich fruits, we come  
With our eternal harvest home.



Then at Thy footstool we will throw  
The bounty which Thou didst bestow,  
Confessing all had sprung from Thee,  
That Thine they were, and Thine shall be.

Then, while eternity shall last,  
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past ;  
While countless ages as they roll  
Increase the transports of our soul !

Taken by permission from "Select Pieces," by Mary  
Pyper, (a poor Needlewoman in Edinburgh.)



## The Aged Christian's Prayer.

"When I am old and grey headed, O God, forsake  
me not."

**W**ITH years oppressed, with sorrow worn,  
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,  
To Thee, O God, I pray ;  
To Thee my withered hands arise,  
To Thee I lift these failing eyes  
O cast me not away !



Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,  
Thy love, with all a mother's care,  
Sustained my childish days ;  
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,  
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,  
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour, has Thy grace declined ?  
Can years affect the Eternal Mind ?  
Or time its love decay ?  
A thousand ages in Thy sight,  
And all their long and weary flight,  
Are gone like yesterday.

Then even in age and grief Thy name  
Shall still my languid heart inflame,  
And bow my faltering knee ;  
O yet this bosom feels the fire,  
This trembling hand and drooping lyre  
Have yet a strain for Thee !

Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,  
This voice transported shall record  
Thy goodness tried so long ;  
Till sinking low with calm decay,  
Its feeble murmurs melt away  
Into a Seraph's song.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.



## Sacramental Hymn.



LORD, munificent, benign,  
How many mercies have been mine,  
Since last I met with Thee,  
In that blest ordinance of Thine,  
The holy feast of Bread and Wine,  
Which was enjoyed by me.

How many days, in goodness sent,  
Have been in sickening sadness spent;  
How many nights have come  
Which promised rest and sweet content,  
Yet left behind them when they went,  
Distress and grief and gloom!

How many purposes have failed;  
How many doubts my heart assailed;  
And held my spirit fast;  
How many sins have been bewailed;  
How many follies have prevailed;  
Since I confessed the last.

But still to Thee my spirit springs,  
And underneath Thy sheltering wings  
A safe asylum seeks;



For this memorial sweetly brings  
 Remembrance of Thy sufferings,  
 And all Thy kindness speaks:

And like a little child, I lay  
 My spirit at Thy feet, and say,  
 Lord take it—it is Thine:  
 Teach it to trust, to fear, to pray—  
 Feed it with love by night and day,  
 And let Thy will be mine.

JOHN BETHUNE, *The "Fifeshire Forester."*

—o—

## “Thou Speakest.”

**T**HOU speakest in the thunders, and Thy throne  
 Is girt with seraph legions, on whose wings  
 Thou fliest, Lord, opening the secret springs  
 Of the vast ocean, while Thy red right hand  
 Launches the storm; the pestilence goes forth  
 Wasting the nations; and at Thy command,  
 The astonished Earth trembles from zone to zone;  
 The treasures of the everlasting North  
 Cast forth the ice of ages; Mighty God!  
 Who may abide the chastening of Thy rod?  
 O Thou most Holy!



Thou speakest, Father, to the contrite soul  
In the still night; and like soft falling dew,  
The voice of pardon sinks upon the ear;  
For Thou didst once, to ransom and renew  
The spirits sunk beneath the fiend's control,  
Leave Thy blessed seat above the starry sphere;  
O Thou most merciful.

Lord, Thou shalt come—the nations shall adore Thee,  
Triumphant Victim, Victor Sacrifice!  
Sin and the glutted grave shall bend before Thee,  
The dead shall hear,—Thy people shall arise!  
When Thou shalt bind Thy sheaves in that Thy day,  
Cast not, O Lord, our trembling souls away!  
Thou hast sustained our faith through every ill;  
In Thine own hour be Thou our refuge still,  
O Thou most faithful.

THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

—o—

## Hymn for a Sick Person.



Y God, when on the bed of pain,  
Beneath Thy rod I lie,  
Permit me not to weep in vain,  
But hearken to my cry.



I pray not that Thou would'st the yoke,  
From off my neck remove,  
For painful though I feel the stroke,  
I know 'tis sent in love.

Yet this I pray, that while Thy face  
Is from Thy servant veiled,  
Thou would'st unlock those stores of grace  
Whose Fount has never fail'd ;  
That while my flesh and spirit war  
My hope may rest on Thee,  
And as my days of anguish are,  
My inward strength may be.

Ah ! when their joy Thy children seek,  
In this terrestrial scene,  
'Tis fit that they should see how weak  
The reed on which they lean.  
And when the hard, the stony heart  
Thy kindness cannot feel,  
'Tis meet that it should bear the smart  
Which may its errors heal.

O teach me, then, to kiss the rod  
And bow my will to Thine ;  
The path of grief my Saviour trod,  
And why should I repine ?



Upon His cross I'll fix mine eye,—  
That sight this trust affords,  
That if I live or if I die,  
I still shall be the Lord's!

R. HUIE.

— o —

## Remember Thee.

**R**EMEMBER Thee! remember Christ!  
While memory holds her place,  
Can we forget the Lord of life  
Who saves us by His grace?

The Lord of life with glory crowned  
On heaven's exalted throne,  
Forgets not those for whom on earth  
He heaved his dying groan.

The promised joy He then obtained  
When he ascended hence,  
Up from the grave to God's right hand  
A Saviour and a Prince.

His glory now no tongue of man,  
Or Seraph bright can tell,



Yet still the chief of all His joys,  
That souls are saved from hell.

For this He came and dwelt on earth,  
For this His life was given,  
For this He fought and vanquished death,  
For this He pleads in heaven.

Join all ye saints beneath the sky  
Your grateful praise to give,  
Sing loud hosannahs to the Lord  
Who died that you might live!

DR WARDLAW.

—o—

## Bethlehem.

HAT are these ethereal strains  
Floating o'er Judea's plains?  
Burning spirits throng the sky  
With their lofty minstrelsy!  
Hark! they break the midnight trance  
With the joyous utterance,  
"Glory to God, and peace to men,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!"



Quench, ye types, your feeble ray,  
Shadows, ye may melt away ;  
Prophecy, your work is done ;  
Gospel ages have begun !  
Temple! quench your altar fires,  
For these raidiant angel-choirs  
To a ruined world proclaim—  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Pillowed is His infant head,  
On a borrowed manger bed !  
He, around whose throne above  
Angels hymned their songs of love,  
Now is wrapt by Virgin's hands  
In earth's meanest swaddling bands ;  
Once adored by Seraphim,—  
Now a babe of Bethlehem !

Eastern sages from afar,  
Guided by a mystic star,  
Followed, till its lustre mild  
Brought them to the heavenly child.  
May each providence to me  
Like a guiding meteor be,  
Bringing nearer unto Him,  
Once the Babe of Bethlehem !

REV. J. R. MACDUFF.



## Hymn of Faith and Hope.



THOU who for our fallen race,  
Didst lay Thy crown of glory by,  
And quit Thy heavenly dwelling place  
To cloth Thee in mortality ;

By whom our vesture of decay  
Its frailty and its pains were worn;  
Who sinless of our sinful clay  
The burden and the griefs hast borne ;

Who stainless, bore our guilty doom,  
Upon the cross to save us bled,  
And who triumphant from the tomb  
Captivity hast captive led ;

O teach Thy ransomed ones to know  
Thy love who died to set them free,  
And bid their torpid spirits glow  
With love which centres all in Thee.

And come, triumphant Victim, come !  
In the brightness of Thy holy love,  
And make this earth, our purchased home,  
The image of Thy courts above.



Dimly, O Lord, our feeble eyes  
The dawning rays of glory see,  
But brightly shall the morning rise  
Which bids creation bend to thee.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shed  
Thy beams of searching light abroad,  
That earth may know (its darkness fled)  
Her King in Thee, Incarnate God!

And O, while yet Thy mercy speaks,  
So may the words of love prevail  
That when the morn of judgment breaks  
Many may Thine appearing hail!

THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

—o—

## Litany.

**B**EAUIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee,  
When repentant to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,  
O, by all the pain and woe,  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn Litany!



By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of wants and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread permitted hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power,  
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode,  
By the anguished tear that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,—  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er that dreadful sacrifice,  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the deep expiring groan,  
By the sad sepulchral stone,



By the vault whose dread abode,  
Held in vain the rising God ;  
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored  
Mighty re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn Litany !

SIR R. GRANT.

—o—

## Thy Way, not Mine.

**T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best,  
Winding or straight, it matters not,  
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,  
I would not, if I might ;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.



The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health,  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom and my All.

DR. BONAR.

—o—

## Praise.

ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.



Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below with heart and voice  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon the latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then amidst eternal joy  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. MONTGOMERY.



## Divine Faithfulness.

HEN time and all its dreams,  
Its vanities and cares,  
Ensnare with subtle art,  
Lord! keep my heart.

When narrow seems the way,  
And help I need from Thee,  
To choose the better part,  
Lord! keep my heart.

When sorrow's gloomy cloud  
O'erhangs the path I tread,  
And hopes once bright depart,  
Lord! keep my heart.

When sickness lays me low,  
And by the chastening rod  
Of pain and grief I smart,  
Lord! keep my heart.

When sore temptations press,  
And floods o'erwhelm my soul,  
From Satan's keenest dart,  
Lord! keep my heart.



Fear not, believing soul! the Saviour says,  
I will protect and guide in all thy ways;  
And with a care that shall not cease nor sleep,  
Surely I will thee keep.

I'll lead thee safely through life's wilderness,  
And with my love I shall thee cheer and bless;  
In death shall be thy comfort and thy stay—  
Thine shall I be when earth has passed away.  
H.

—o—

## Hallelujah.

**H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.  
Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,



Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies :  
See Jehovah's banners furled  
Sheath'd His sword : He speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world,  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have passed away ;  
Then the end ;—beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
Hallelujah ! Christ in God  
God in Christ is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.



Psalm xxxi. 1-7.

**I**N Thee is my trust, O Lord !  
Now by Thy righteous word  
Comfort and aid afford,  
Save me, O save me !

Rock of my strength be nigh  
Bend from Thy throne on high  
Hasten to hear my cry,  
Save me, O save me !

Lord, in the evil hour,  
Keep me from Satan's power,  
Thou art my strength and tower,—  
Save me, O save me !

Wanderers in vanity,  
Far be your ways from me,  
My soul I commit to Thee,  
Save me, O save me ?

Glory to God on high !  
Still in adversity,  
Thou, O my God, art nigh,  
Save me, O save me !

J. A. P.



## New Year's Hymn.

“He shall choose our inheritance for us.”

HOOSE Thou my lot for me,  
My Father, God, and King!  
May I be still, and rest in Thee,  
Nor ask what time shall bring,  
Nor what the new-born year may show  
Of grief or gladness, joy or woe.

Choose Thou, for I am weak,  
Do Thou with me abide,  
I need each hour Thy grace to seek  
To keep me by Thy side,  
That leaning upon Thee alone  
I may to heaven journey on.

Choose Thee for me, O Lord,—  
So great Thy love has been,  
So freely have Thy gifts been poured  
I well on Thee may lean!  
And trust Thy love to choose for me  
What here on earth my lot shall be.

Choose Thou my lot, my God,—  
And choose me in Thy love,



That through the Saviour's precious blood  
 My hope may be above,  
 Be Thou the Portion of my lot !  
 The world *must* change,—Thou changest not !

Choose Thou for me and mine ;  
 Whate'er this year may show,  
 O may our faith more brightly shine,  
 Our love more warmly glow,  
 Till passing on from strength to strength  
 We all to Zion come at length !

M. A.

—O—

## The New Creation.

“We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”—2 *Peter* III. 13.

**T**HE waves of sin roll like a troubled sea  
 O'er this fair world,—thus shall it always  
 be ?

No ! for our ark on Zion's mount shall rest,  
 With joy untold this weary world be blest,—  
 The little hills shall sing on every side,  
 Truth, righteousness and peace shall here abide.



The rainbow of the covenant shall glow,  
A halo o'er the glorious scene below,—  
There God's redeemed their Saviour's joy partake,  
Trees, mountains, streams to joy shall then awake,  
The earth which cursed for Adam's sin we see,  
Shall in the second Adam blessed be.

There shall be no more darkness, no more night,  
No ravenous beast, no lion shall affright,  
None broken hearted,—none to grief a prey,—  
Sorrow and sighing, all shall flee away ;  
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose,  
In glorious rest and undisturbed repose.

The Sun of Righteousness shall brightly rise,  
Jesus shall wipe the tear-drops from all eyes,  
Fairer than Paradise before the fall  
This earth shall be, for Christ shall rule o'er all,  
Look up, faint Pilgrim, this shall shortly come,  
Rest in the Ark ! 'twill bring thee safely home.  
E.



## The Omniscience of God.

**G**OD sees us, when the eye of man  
Our acts and movements cannot scan ;  
For to His gaze the darkest night  
Is radiant as the noonday light.

God hears us,—when no mortal ear  
The language of our lips can hear ;  
For though enthroned above the sky  
He is to all His creatures nigh.

He sees, He hears ! more wondrous still  
He marks the workings of the will ;  
And notes the slightest shade of sin  
That lurks our inmost souls within.

Lord, let the Saviour's cleansing blood  
Wipe out our failings like a flood ;  
And let the Holy Ghost this hour  
Subdue our spirits to Thy power.

We would be holy, Lord,—and we  
Would walk in humbleness with Thee ;  
Serve Thee till life's short dream is past,  
Then rise and reign with Thee at last.

R. HUIE.



“He went forth conquering and to  
conquer.”

O forth, go forth, Almighty Lord!  
And with Thy flaming sword,  
And with Thy truth's prevailing might  
The hosts of darkness put to flight,  
Till sin and error shall be o'er,  
And Satan's kingdom be no more;  
Lord! hasten the triumphant hour  
And conquer by Thy power!

Go forth, go forth, Almighty Word!  
And let Thy voice be heard;  
That voice like many waters' song,  
Melting and tender, clear and strong;  
Bid earth's wild tumult silent be,  
That every heart may wait on Thee:  
And let no other voice be heard;  
And conquer by Thy Word!

Go forth, go forth, O morning star!  
And streaming from afar,  
Light up this world of death and gloom  
And pierce the shadows of the tomb;



Long hath the darkness hovered here,  
When will the dawn of morn appear?  
Scatter the clouds,—dispel the night,  
And conquer by Thy light.

Go forth, go forth, Almighty Love!  
And every spirit move,  
O, by Thy vesture's crimson die,  
Remembrance of Thine agony,  
By the dread battle Thou hast fought,  
By the salvation Thou hast wrought,  
Send forth the Spirit,—gentle dove,  
And conquer by Thy love!

Go forth, O Son of God! ride on  
Till all the earth be won!  
Lift up your heads, ye gates, on high,  
The King of glory draweth nigh!  
O may Thy kingdom quickly come,  
O'er all the earth Thy will be done,  
Thy Name for ever hallowed be,  
And conquer through Eternity!

J.



## I am Debtor.

HEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
When we stand with Christ in glory  
Looking o'er life's finished story,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall,  
When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge brink,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the Throne  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinching heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,



Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth as through a glass  
Darkly let Thy glory pass,  
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,  
Even on earth, Lord, make me know  
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show  
By my love how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;  
But, when fear is at the height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light ;  
Blessed Jesus ! bid me show  
Doubting saints how much I owe.

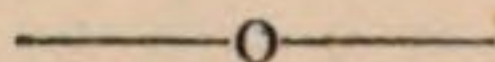
When in flowery paths I tread  
Oft by sin I'm captive led ;  
Oft I fall—but still arise—  
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies ;—



Blessed Spirit, bid me show  
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—  
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;  
But a night Thine anger burns—  
Morning comes, and joy returns ;  
God of comforts ! bid me show  
To Thy poor, how much I owe.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.



LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God !  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains,  
White in His blood, most precious  
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in Him ;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares,



He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on his breast recline.  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's Holy Child.  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angel's song.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.

—O—



## Jehovah-Nissi. The Lord my Banner.

**T**HE Lord's my banner ! Forth I go,  
And dread no danger, fear no foe ;  
Though death, though hell beset my path,  
I scorn their power, I brave their wrath ;  
Where'er I turn, whate'er betide,  
My Lord shall combat by my side.

The Lord's my banner ! Grief may lower,  
Or joy may gild the passing hour ;  
Alike in sunshine or in rain,  
My Captain shall His succour deign ;  
Alike I'll serve and trust my Lord,  
His grace my shield, His Word my sword.

The Lord's my banner ! Forward still  
I press obedient to His will ;  
The toils, the sufferings of my lot  
In Christ's dear presence all forgot.  
My only wish to find Him nigh,  
With Him to live, in Him to die.

The Lord's my banner ! Round my tomb  
No wreath may twine, no cypress bloom ;  
No friend, no child, may linger near,  
To drop the tributary tear ;



Yet there my gracious Lord shall wave  
His blood-red banner o'er my grave.

The Lord's my banner ! In that day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
While thousands to the mountains call  
Upon their sinful heads to fall,  
That banner from the throne displayed  
Shall draw the ransomed to its shade.

R. HUIE.

—O—

### A Bethlehem Hymn.

**H**E has come ! the Christ of God ;—  
Left for us His glad abode ;  
Stooping from his throne of bliss,  
To this darksome wilderness.

He has come ! the Prince of Peace ;  
Come to bid our sorrows cease ;  
Come to scatter with His light  
All the shadows of our night.

He, the Mighty King, has come !  
Making this poor earth His home ;  
Come to bear our sin's sad load ;  
Son of David, Son of God.



He has come, whose name of grace  
Speaks deliverance to our race ;  
Left for us His glad abode ;  
Son of Mary, Son of God !

Unto us a child is born !  
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,  
Among all the morns of time,  
Half so glorious in its prime.

Unto us a Son is given !  
He has come from God's own heaven ;  
Bringing with Him from above  
Holy peace and holy love.

BONAR.

—o—

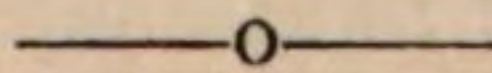
## Spring Hymn.

**N**OW pleasant is the opening year !  
The clouds of winter melt away ;  
The flowers in beauty reappear,  
The songster carols from the spray.  
Lengthens the more refulgent day,  
And bluer grows the arching sky ;  
All things around us seem to say  
“Christian, direct thy thoughts on high !”



In darkness through the weary length  
Of winter slept both bud and bloom ;  
But nature now puts forth her strength,  
And starts renewed as from the tomb.  
Behold an emblem of thy doom  
O man !—a star hath shone to save,  
And morning yet shall re-illumine  
The midnight darkness of the grave.

Yet ponder well how then shall break  
The dawn of second life on thee,—  
Shalt thou to hope,—to bliss, awake ?  
Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee ?  
Then shall pass forth the dread decree  
That makes or weal or woe thine own ;  
Up and to work ! Eternity  
Must reap the harvest Time hath sown.  
D. MOIR, (Delta.)



## A Mountain Hymn.

ORD of the mountain and the plain  
And all the varied scenes of earth,  
Thy glories here around us reign,  
And cast their shadows o'er my hearth.



What though the chariots of the storm  
Are oft across these mountains driven ?  
Do they not Thy behests perform ;  
Bear they not messages from heaven ?

Yes, round me, Father, is Thy power ;—  
Such trust Thy Son's compassions bring,  
By pointing to the opening flower,  
And the mean sparrows on the wing.

The fly that sparkles and is gone,—  
The heath-bell on the mountain scd,—  
The fount for ever springing on,  
That lives, yet breathes not,—speaks of God !

Like them I'd live, great Father, free  
From earth's contaminating dust ;  
Quiet,—yet labouring still for Thee,  
Thy breath my life,—Thy Word my trust.

And let me, Lord of hill and plain,  
And all the varied scenes of earth,  
Around me mark Thy glories reign,  
And feel Thee guard my mountain hearth !

REV. A. PATTERSON,  
*Scottish Christian Herald.*



## Hymn for a Child.



LORD ! while life and hope are young,  
And all are kind to me ;  
While strains of pleasure prompt my  
tongue,  
Let me remember Thee !

Where'er my wayward footsteps turn,  
Whate'er my eyes may see,  
May I Thy power, Thy love, discern,  
And, Lord, remember Thee.

And when to man's estate I grow  
Though rich, though great I be,  
May all my feelings heavenward flow,  
And I remember Thee.

And O, when evil days shall fall,  
And health and comfort flee,  
'Midst sorrow's cloud and suffering's thrall,  
May I remember Thee.

And thus, till life itself shall end,  
And I'm from sin set free ;  
Creator ! Father ! Guardian ! Friend !  
May I remember Thee !

R. HUIE.



## Saturday Evening Hymn.

**W**E worldly cares and themes begone,  
Far other thoughts my bosom fill ;  
Another week has swiftly flown  
And I am spared and living still.

Lord, teach me so to count my days,  
That I my heart and soul may give,  
With all their powers, to wisdom's ways,  
And to Thy praise and glory live.

Soft let the dews of sleep descend  
This night upon Thy servant's head ;  
And while I rest Thy wings extend,  
Thy guardian wings, around my bed.

Then when the rosy morn shall break,  
And chase the shades from yonder sky,  
Give me in health and peace to wake  
To seek Thy face, and feel Thee nigh !

Sweet is the Sabbath's dawn to them  
Who Thy salvation long to see ;  
And in the new Jerusalem  
With fervour hope to dwell with Thee.



Such be to me the hallowed morn,  
Such joy may its return afford ;  
Thine image on my heart be borne,  
And all my spirit praise my Lord !

For thus built up in faith and love,  
My soul shall pant to reach the skies ;  
And in Thy radiant courts above  
A Sabbath taste that never dies !

R. HUIE.

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O COULD we find some happy land,  
Some Eden of the deep blue sea,  
By gentle breezes only fanned,  
Upon whose shore, from sorrow free,  
Grew only pure felicity ;—  
Who would not brave the stormiest main  
Within that blissful isle to be,—  
Exempt from sight or sense of pain ?—  
There is a land we cannot see  
Whose joys no pen can e'er portray,  
And yet so narrow is the road,  
From it our spirits ever stray,—  
Shed light upon that path, O God !  
And lead us in the appointed way !

JOHN BETHUNE.



## Pentecost.

 THOU ! who hast a temple shrine  
In every lowly contrite soul,  
Spirit of God ! these lips of mine,  
Touch with a living altar-coal.

No costly rites need I prepare,  
No rich oblations need I bring ;  
The humble heart, the fervent prayer,  
Are Thine accepted offering.

Guide to all truth, vouchsafe Thine aid,  
Control my thoughts, direct my way ;  
May holy fear of Thee pervade  
The varied duties of each day.

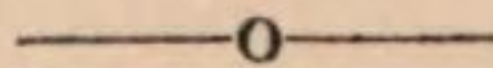
Ere I begin life's "common task,"  
Hush'd be its feverish cares awhile,  
That, calm reposing, I may bask,  
Eternal One ! beneath Thy smile.

Giver and source of peace divine,  
Thy will submissive would I wait ;  
Each pulse of heavenly life is Thine,  
Descend, thou promised Paraclete !



Not as of old, in awful power,  
With rushing wind and lambent fire,  
But gently, like the falling shower,  
Great Spirit, come ! my soul inspire !

REV. J. MACDUFF, D.D.











Part III.

*Hymns for Mourners.*









## Resignation.



ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one,  
When I am wholly Thine;  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be  
done,  
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, Almighty, and all-good,  
In Thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.

Is life with many comforts crowned,  
Upheld in peace and health,  
With dear affections twined around?  
Lord in my time of wealth,

May I remember, that to Thee,  
Whate'er I have I owe;  
And back in gratitude from me,  
May all Thy bounties flow.



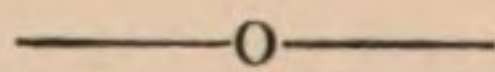
Thy gifts are only then enjoyed  
When used as talents lent ;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in Thy service spent.

And though Thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign Thy will ?  
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,  
“ The Lord is gracious still ! ”

A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed,  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.

Write but my name upon the roll  
Of Thy redeemed above ;  
Then heart and mind, and strength, and soul,  
I'll love Thee for Thy love !

J. MONTGOMERY.



### Rest Yonder.

 HIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come ;  
Onwards to it I am hasting,  
On to my eternal home.



In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day ;  
Every trace of sin's sad story  
All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb our shepherd leads us,  
By the streams of life along ;  
On the freshest pasture feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;  
Never more be sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again!

REV. H. BONAR.

—o—

### Covenanter's Hymn.

ET us lift up our voices aloud to Him  
Who dwelleth between the Cherubim ;  
In the star-paved mansion above yon sky,  
The Centre of immensity!  
Shepherd of Israel, shed one ray  
On us, Thy suffering flock to-day.

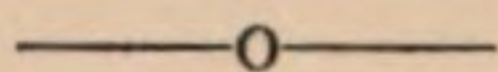
In Ephraim's and Manasseh's sight,  
Stir Thine all-powerful strength and might ;



Break the oppressor's bow and sword,  
And save thine helpless heritage, Lord!  
Shepherd of Israel, shed one ray  
On us, Thy suffering flock to-day.

Let Thy mighty arm be round us still,  
And mould our souls to Thy holy will ;  
And bring us at last to the wealthy place,  
Illum'd with the light of Thy glorious face ;  
Th' imputed robe—the wreath,—the palm,—  
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

DAVID VEDDER



## Bethany.

**W**HO is this in silence bending  
O'er a dark sepulchral cave?  
Sympathetic sorrow blending  
With the tears around that grave?  
Christ the Lord is standing by,  
At the tomb of Bethany!

Jesus wept! these tears are over,  
But His heart is still the same;



Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,  
Is His everlasting name,  
Saviour, who can love like Thee,  
*Gracious* One of Bethany !

When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul.  
Surely none can feel like Thee,  
*Weeping* One of Bethany !

Jesus wept ! and still in glory  
He can mark each mourner's tear,  
Loving to retrace the story  
Of the hearts He solaced here.  
Lord ! when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany !

Jesus wept ! that tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love ;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
*Living* One of Bethany !

REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.



## The Search.

“Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him.”—*Job* xxii. 8.

**F**ORWARD I look, but look in vain,  
My God I cannot see;  
Backward I turn, I look again,  
But He is lost to me.

Above,—beneath,—on every side,  
His awful power is shown,  
But still from me dark shadows hide  
His mercy's radiant throne.

Yet all my ways are known to Thee,  
Thou dost my heart behold;  
O grant, when Thou hast proved me,  
I may come forth as gold!

With patience may I seek Thy face,  
Resigned to Thy will,  
And though Thy path I cannot trace  
O, let me trust Thee still?

So may I have that peace divine  
This world can never give;  
The peace Thou leavest, Lord, with Thine,  
To know Thy love and live!

J. A. P



## The Unchanging Love.

**F**RIENDS I love may die or leave me,  
Friends I trust may treacherous prove ;  
But Thou never wilt deceive me,  
O my Saviour ! in Thy love.  
Change can ne'er this union sever,  
Death its links may never part ;  
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,  
Thou the same Redeemer art.

On the Cross, love made Thee bearer  
Of transgressions not Thine own ;  
And that love still makes Thee sharer  
In our sorrows on the throne.  
From Thy glory Thou art bending  
Still on earth a pitying eye ;  
And 'mid angel's songs ascending  
Hearest every mourner's cry.

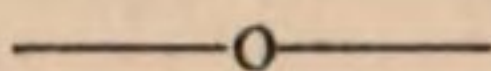
In the days of worldly gladness  
Cold and proud our hearts may be,  
But to whom in fear and sadness  
Can we go but unto Thee !  
From that depth of gloom and sorrow,  
Where Thy love to man was shewn,



Every bleeding heart may borrow  
Hope and strength to bear its own.

Though the cup I drink be bitter  
Yet since Thou hast made it mine,  
This Thy love will make it sweeter  
Than the world's best mingled wine,  
Darker days may yet betide me,  
Sharper sorrows I may prove ;  
But the worst will ne'er divide me,  
O my Saviour, from Thy love !

REV. J. D. BURNS.



## The Dying Saint's Prayer to Holy Trinity.

**H**OLY Father ! lend Thine ear  
To a fainting mortal's cry ;  
In Thy love and pity hear,  
Breathe a pardon e'er I die.

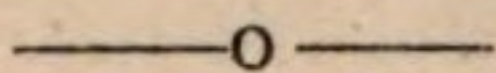
Blessed Jesus ! in the tide  
Poured upon the fatal tree,  
Let my soul be purified  
E'er it meets a Judge in Thee !



Holy Spirit! sent by One  
Skilled in human pain and grief,  
Help me till the combat's done,  
Bring, O bring my soul relief!

Glorious and Eternal Three!  
Give my spirit power to sing,  
Grave, how brief thy victory!  
Death, how vain thy sting!

REV. J. ANDERSON.



## The Mourner's Sigh.

“My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep.”—*Job xxx. 31.*



WANDERER in a dreary land,  
Alone in careless crowds I stand,  
In sleepless nights and pain by day  
I wend through life my weary way.

The joys of time, all sunk in gloom,  
The brightest buried in the tomb,  
Great God, who rulest all, be nigh;  
O listen to the mourner's sigh!



Bowed to the dust beneath Thy frown,  
Lord, make me feel the sins I own ;  
But hear in mercy while I pray,  
And cast me not from grace away.

Though clouds and darkness round Thee dwell,  
Though all Thy billows o'er me swell,  
Yet from the deep to Thee I cry,  
O listen to the mourner's sigh !

Lord, who didst die that man might live,  
My Saviour, all my sin forgive ;  
O shed thy Holy Spirit's ray  
Of comfort round the mourner's way !

With faith and love my bosom fill,  
And meek submission to Thy will ;  
Thus, Lord, the tear of sorrow dry,  
So soothe Thy mourning servant's sigh.

J. A. P.



Abba, Father.

ATHER, to Thy throne on high  
I would lift a childlike eye,  
By Thy Spirit may I cry,  
Abba, Father!

Poor and needy though I be,  
Precious blood was shed for me,  
Therefore I may come to Thee,  
As my Father.

Father, I would give Thee praise  
Not alone for happy days,  
But for all Thy wondrous ways,  
O my Father!

Ways that once seemed dark and drear,  
Nights of weeping, days of care,  
These were times that brought me near  
To my Father.

Then whate'er my future prove,  
Let not fear my spirit move,—  
Let me never doubt Thy love,  
Gracious Father!

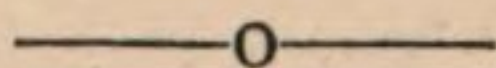


On Thy wisdom may I rest,  
Sure Thy way is ever best,  
So shall peace possess my breast,  
From my Father.

Grant me grace to learn of Thee  
All that Thou wouldst teach to me,  
Whatsoever the lesson be,  
Holy Father.

Thus may I with Thee abide,  
Whom have I in heaven beside?  
Be my Guardian, God, and Guide,  
Abba, Father!

M. A.



## Come to Jesus.

**H**ATH conscience discovered the sin of thy heart?  
Hath reason revealed how helpless thou art?  
Are learning and science unequal combined  
A cure for thy terrified spirit to find?  
Contrite sinner, come to Jesus,  
A broken reed He will not break,  
From sin and wrath His ransom frees us,  
Pray for mercy for His sake.



Doth nature give way beneath poverty's frown,  
Hath the blast of adversity over thee blown,  
Hath friendship been false, or hath malice been bold,  
Hath the sun of this world set cheerless and cold !

Take thy cross, and come to Jesus,  
Seek for comfort in His word,  
That never did nor will deceive us,  
Cast thy care upon thy Lord.

Hath the eye of affection and sympathy smiled,  
To lighten thy toil in life's wilderness wild,  
Hath the loved and the lovely sunk into the tomb,  
And changed to a desert the joys of a home ?

Mourning Christian ! come to Jesus,  
He hath wept o'er human grief,  
In solitude our Saviour sees us,  
Hears our prayer and grants relief.

In the darkness of danger, of dread, and despair,  
Doth confidence fail thee when evil is near ?  
When sickness o'erwhelms the labouring breath,  
Doth terror affright with a prospect of death ?

In all thy trouble come to Jesus,  
Pray to be with patience blest,  
He hath promised to release us,  
Christ will give the weary rest.



## Cameronian Midnight Hymn.

H! Thou that dwellest in the heavens so high,  
Beyond yon star, within yon sky,  
Where the dazzling fields need no other light,  
Nor the sun by day, nor the moon by night,

Though shining millions around Thee stand,  
For the sake of Him at Thy right hand,  
Oh! think on the souls He died for here,  
Thus wandering in darkness, in doubt and in fear.

The powers of darkness are all abroad,  
They own no Saviour, and they fear no God;  
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,  
Oh! turn not Thou Thy face away.

Our night is dreary, and dim our day,  
And if Thou turnest Thy face away,  
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,  
And have none to look to and none to trust.

Thy aid, O mighty One! we crave,  
Not shortened is Thy arm to save;  
Alas, from Thee we now sojourn,  
Return to us, O God, return!

HOGG.



“ I will guide thee with mine eye.”

*Psalm xxxii. 8.*



SAVIOUR, whose mercy, serene in its kindness,

Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,

Adored be the Power which illumined my blindness,  
And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,  
I followed the rainbow,—I caught at the toy,—  
But still in displeasure Thy goodness was there,  
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom shone bright, but a worm was below;  
The moonlight shone fair,—there was blight in the beam;  
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;  
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,  
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;  
And still did this eager and credulous heart  
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.



I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven  
Would be bright as the summer and glad as the morn;  
Thou showd'st me the path,—it was dark and uneven,  
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,  
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;  
I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown;  
I asked,—and Thou showd'st me a Cross—and a  
grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to Thy will,  
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;  
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,  
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,  
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;  
There are rivers of joy,—but they roll not below;  
There is rest,—but it dwells in the presence of God!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.



“He hath said, I will never leave thee  
nor forsake thee.”—*Heb.* XIII. 5.

**P**ILGRIM, though these heavy sighs  
Breathe of pain and speak of care,  
O covet not what God denies,

Be content His cross to bear.  
Time may of health and wealth bereave thee,  
Ruthless Death all lonely make thee,  
Still He saith, “I will not leave thee,  
No,—I never will forsake thee.”

Let no repining thought intrude,  
Blighted though thy prospect be;  
Cast all thy care upon thy God,  
Thy Redeemer cares for thee.  
Not willingly the Lord would grieve thee,  
Though trouble now may overtake thee;  
He hath said, I’ll never leave thee,  
Christian, I will not forsake thee.

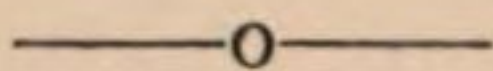
Then through thy Saviour seek thy God,  
Thy heart in supplication raise;  
Bow beneath His chastening rod,  
He can turn each prayer to praise.



O call on Him who can relieve thee,  
In trouble to thy God betake thee,  
He hath promised not to leave thee,  
Never will thy God forsake thee!

Poor, weary, weeping one, to Christ  
Come in faith and calm thy fear,—  
To give the heavy laden rest,  
To bring thee home, the Lord is near.  
No longer let this world deceive thee,  
Hear His voice! to life awake thee!  
Jesus saith, I'll never leave thee,  
Pilgrim, God will not forsake thee!

J. A. P.



### The Christian's Comfort.

**W**ITH heavy heart and throbbing breast,  
She sought the tomb at dawn of day,  
Where they had laid her Lord to rest,  
But who shall roll the stone away?  
O who is he that may remove  
The barrier rock that lies between  
The mourner and her Saviour's love,  
When hope hath fled,  
And grief hath shed  
Despair and darkness o'er the scene?



See, the solid earth doth shake—

The Angel of the Lord appears !

The rock is rent—the keepers quake!

Christian mourner, calm thy fears;

He lives—the first-fruits of the tomb!

Come, see the place where He was laid,

Let His own promise chase thy gloom,

This is the day—

Oh, haste away!

Why seek the Living with the Dead?

A light hath shone upon the grave,

And Jesus lives, He is not here!

And He who died thy soul to save,

Revives, the mourner's heart to cheer.

• So spake the messenger of God,

While, awe-struck, Mary bowed her head,

Thy Lord hath left death's dark abode,

The heavenly way,

He leads to-day,

Why seek the Living with the Dead?

So speaks He still to Christian Faith,

When all life's loveliest blossoms fade.

Yes—even at the tomb He saith,

Seek not the Living with the Dead.

The soul that flashed with love and light

Beneath that dark eye's deepest shade,



To heaven hath wing'd her joyous flight,  
In seraph lays,  
The Lamb to praise.  
Why seek the Living with the Dead?

O peaceful is the slumber deep  
Of those we loved to look upon;  
They rest from care in gentle sleep  
Who trusted in the Lord alone;  
Their spirits to the Saviour's fold  
The Shepherd of their souls hath led;—  
Look up,—each glorious guest behold,—  
Praise God on high,  
They joyful cry.  
Why seek the Living with the Dead?

But joys more perfect still remain  
For all who faithful keep the word,  
Immortal friends shall meet again,  
And be for ever with the Lord;  
When they that sleep in Jesus wake,  
To dwell with Christ our risen Head,  
Then, mourning Christian, comfort take,  
Wait, watch, and pray,  
Unto the day  
Of Him who liveth, and was dead!

J. A. P.



“Blessed are the dead which die in the  
Lord.”

O, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,  
Let the tresses be torn, and the garments be  
rent,

But weep not for them who are gone to their rest,  
Nor mourn for the ransomed, nor wail for the blest—  
Their sun is not set, but is risen on high,  
Nor long in corruption their bodies shall lie ;—  
Then let not the tide of thy griefs overflow  
Nor the music of Heaven be discord below—  
Rather loud be the song, and triumphant the chord,  
Let us joy for the dead who have died in the Lord.

Go, call for the mourners, and raise the lament,  
Let the tresses be torn, and the garments be rent,  
But give to the living the passion of tears,  
Who walk in this valley of sadness and fears—  
Who are press'd by the combat, in darkness are lost,  
By the tempest are beat, on the billows are tost.  
O weep not for them who shall sorrow no more,  
Whose warfare is ended, whose combat is o'er—  
Let the song be exalted, triumphant the chord,  
And rejoice for the dead who have died in the Lord !

LADY NAIRNE.



“To Yonder Side.”

**W**HEN first the Saviour wakened me,  
And showed me why He died,  
He pointed o’er life’s narrow sea,  
And said, “To yonder side.”

“I am the Ark where Noah dwelt  
And heard the deluge roar,  
No soul can perish that has felt  
My rest,—To yonder shore.”

Peaceful and calm the tide of life  
When first I sailed with Thee,  
My sins forgiven,—no inward strife,  
My breast a glassy sea.

But soon the storm of passion raves,  
My soul is tempest tossed,  
Corruptions rise like angry waves,  
“Help, Master, I am lost ! ”

“Peace ! Peace ! be still, thou raging breast,  
My fulness is for thee,”  
The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,  
Like the waves of Galilee !



And now I feel His holy eye  
Upbraids my heart of pride,  
“Why raise this unbelieving cry?  
I said,—*To yonder side!*”

M'CHEYNE.

—O—

*“Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God,  
believe also in Me.”—John XIV. 1.*

 O more let sorrow cloud the eye,  
Nor fears the spirit fill;  
Though now the parting hour is nigh,  
My heart is with you still.

My Father sent me from above,  
His mercy's brightest sign;  
And if you trust His changeless love,  
O wherefore doubt of mine?

The stretching shadow of the cross,  
Now overcasts my soul;  
You sorrow for the coming loss,  
I long to reach the goal.

My love must first be tried by death,  
Before it prove its power,



And, through its triumph, give you faith  
For many an evil hour.

Dark days will come when I depart,  
But cast your care on me,  
And I, unseen shall keep the heart  
From fear and fainting free.

The thorny path that I have trod  
Is also traced for you ;  
But where I walked alone with God  
Ye have your Saviour too.

REV. J. D. BURNS.



Olivet.

**W**HEN as the daylight hours were gone,  
When friends forsook and foes beset,  
The Saviour of the world, alone,  
Retired to pray on Olivet.

And still by faith I climb its steep,  
A respite from earth's cares to find;  
To hush distracting thoughts asleep,  
Amid the Sabbath of the mind.

The saint in glory owns and sees  
A brother in the man of prayer;  
The little infant on its knees,  
Is kinsman to each seraph there!

O may I cherish more and more  
The shelter of this calm retreat;  
And realise the bliss in store  
For those who love the Mercy-seat.

When ends at last life's little day,  
Its waning sun about to set,  
My soul would soar to heaven away  
On wings of prayer from Olivet.

REV J. MACDUFF, D.D.



*“ Jesus said unto her, said I not unto thee that if thou  
wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God ! ”*  
—*John XI. 41.*

 WOULD believe Thee, blessed Lord!  
Help Thou mine unbelief!  
And let Thy promises afford  
This weary heart relief.

Beyond the gloomy vale of death,  
Raise all my hopes to Thee,  
And with the piercing eye of faith,  
May I Thy glory see.

Lord, Thou hast wept to see the grief  
Of mourners round the tomb,  
And Thou canst give eternal life  
To all that to Thee come !

With happy hope revive my heart,  
That, through Thy saving grace,  
The friends who here in sorrow part,  
In heaven may see Thy face.

Jesus ! when unto Thee at last,  
My spirit I resign,  
On Thee my care, O let me cast !  
Lord, save me, I am Thine !

J. A. P.



## Prayer out of the Depths.

“From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed ; lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”—*Psalm* LXI. 2.

**A**LL in weakness, all in sorrow,  
O my God, I come once more,  
Lifting up the sad petition  
Thou hast often heard before,  
In the former days of darkness,  
In the time of need of yore.

For a present help in trouble,  
Thou hast never ceased to be,  
Since at first a weeping sinner  
Fell before Thee trustingly,  
And Thy voice is ever sounding,  
“O ye weary, come to Me.”

Lord, Thou knowest all the weakness,  
Of the creatures Thou hast made,  
For with mortal imperfection  
Thou didst once Thy glory shade ;  
Thou hast loved and Thou hast sorrowed,  
In the veil of flesh arrayed.



Thus I fear not to approach Thee  
With my sorrow and my care ;  
Hear my mourning supplication,  
Cast not out my humble prayer !  
Lay not on a greater burden  
Than Thy feeble child can bear !

Earth has lost its best attractions,  
All the brightest stars are gone,  
All is clouded now and cheerless,  
Where so long a glory shone :  
Where I walked with loved companions  
I must wander now alone.

All is dark on the horizon,  
Clouds returning after rain ;  
Faith is languid, Hope is weary,  
And the questions rise again,  
“Doth the promise fail for ever ?  
Hast Thou made all men in vain ?”

O may God rebuke the tempter,  
Let not unbelief prevail ?  
Pray for me Thy feeble servant,  
That my weak faith may not fail,  
Nor my hope let go her anchor  
When the waves and storms assail !



All these passing changing shadows,  
 All these brief, bright joys below,  
 Let me grasp them not so closely,  
 Nor desire nor prize them so !  
 Nor endure this bitter anguish,  
 When Thou bid'st me let them go !

O Redeemer, shall one perish  
 Who has looked to Thee for aid !  
 Let me see Thee, let me hear Thee,  
 Through the gloomy midnight shade ;  
 Let me hear Thy voice of comfort,  
 " It is I, be not afraid ! "

For when feeling *Thou* art near me,  
 All my loneliness is o'er,  
 And the tempter's dark suggestions  
 Can oppress my soul no more ;—  
 I shall dread the path no longer  
 Where Thou hast gone before.

And the lights of earth all fading,  
 I can gaze on tearlessly,  
 When the glory that excelleth,  
 The true light of life, I see :  
 Whom beside, in earth or heaven,  
 Should I desire, but Thee ?

H. L. L.

From "Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours."



## A Little While.



LITTLE while, and every fear  
That o'er the perfect day  
Flings shadows dark and drear,  
Shall pass like mist away;  
The secret tear, the anxious sigh,  
Shall pass into a smile;  
Time changes to Eternity,—  
We only wait a little while.

A little while, and every charm  
That steals away the heart,  
And earthly joys that warm  
And lure us from our part,  
Shall cease our heavenly views to dim;  
The world shall not beguile  
Our ever faithful thoughts from Him  
Who bade us wait a little while.

A little while, and all around,  
The earth, and sea, and sky,  
The sunny light and sound  
Of Nature's minstrelsy,



Shall be as they had never been,  
And we, so weak and vile,  
Be creatures of a brighter scene,—  
We only wait a little while.

DR. GREVILLE.

—o—

## There is a Happy Land.

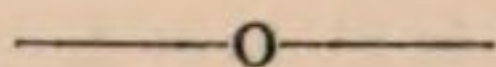
**T**HERE is a happy land  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.  
O how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour King;  
Loud let His praises ring,  
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand,  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free;  
Lord, we shall live with Thee!  
Blest, blest for aye.



Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand  
Love cannot die.  
On then to glory run ;  
Be a crown and kingdom won,  
And bright above the sun,  
We reign for aye !

A. YOUNG.



## The Mourner.

N the brink of time I stand,  
Mourning alone ;  
I sigh for that happy land  
Where care is unknown.  
Soon, soon, love ! with thee  
To join in heaven's minstrelsy,  
Where golden harps melodiously  
Sound around the Throne.

Time and toil will soon be past,  
The weary one will sleep,  
The night of death will come at last,  
The slumber long and deep,



Soon, soon ! this spirit free,  
Fleeting to eternity,  
Dearest ! yet may smile with thee,  
Ne'er again to weep.

J. A. P.

—o—

### Memorial Lines.



KNOW that God hath given thee sweet releasing

From the great woe thy gentle spirit bore,  
Yet in the heart still throbs the thought unceasing,  
Beloved ! thou wilt come to us no more.  
No more ! although we feel thy sainted vision,  
The while we speak of thee, is lingering near,  
And know that, in the bliss of thy transition,  
Thou still rememberest us who mourn thee here.

We loved, and still we love thee. What can sever  
This holy bond ? The spirit is not dust ;  
Sweet is thy memory in the soul for ever,  
And fondly guarded as a sacred trust.  
Dear was thy living image when, before us,  
It stood in all thy youthful beauty's glow,



Yet still more dear thy spirit hovering o'er us  
With the bright crown of glory on its brow.

How oft the weary heart, its grief dissembling,  
Sees the calm smile upon thy features still,  
And hears along its chords, like music trembling,  
The low clear tones to which it once would thrill !  
The vision fades,—we feel we are forsaken,  
The gloom returns, the anguish and the care,  
And tender longings in the heart awaken,  
Which wish thee here, though thou art happier  
there.

Alas ! how far the Past outweighs the Present,  
The forms that come no more, the friends we see !  
How the lone spirit feels 'tis far less pleasant  
To smile with others than to weep for thee !  
Yet, in the struggle of its silent sorrow,  
The pining heart can sometimes break its chain,  
And from the Saviour's word this hope may borrow,  
Beloved ! we shall see thee yet again.

REV. J. D. BURNS.



## Asleep in Jesus.

SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !  
From which none ever wakes to weep !  
A calm and undisturbed repose  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet ;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost its venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest  
Whose waking is supremely blest !  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

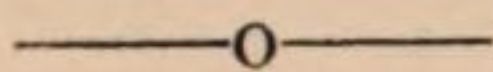
Asleep in Jesus ! Oh for me  
May such a blissful refuge be !  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space  
Debars this precious hiding place ;  
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,  
Believers find the same repose.



Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be,  
But thine is still a blessed sleep  
From which none never wakes to weep!

MRS MACKAY,  
*Scottish Christian Herald.*



It is well.

“He hath done all things well.”—*Mark* vii. 37.

O they said who saw the wonders  
Of Messiah's power and love,  
So they sing who see His glory  
In the Father's house above.  
Ever reading in each record  
Of the strangely varied past,  
“All was well which God appointed,  
All has wrought for good at last.”

And on earth we hear the echoes  
Of that chorus in the sky;  
Through the day of toil or weeping,  
Faith can raise a glad reply.



It is well, O saints departed,  
Well with you, for ever blest ;  
Well with those who journey forward  
To your glory, and your rest !

Times are changing, days are flying,  
Years are quickly past and gone,  
While the wildly mingled murmur  
Of life's busy hum goes on ;  
Sounds of tumult, sounds of triumph,  
Marriage chimes, and passing bell,  
Yet through all one key-note sounding  
Angel's watchword, — "It is well."

We may hear it through the rushing  
Of the midnight tempest's wave,  
We may hear it through the weeping  
Round the newly covered grave ;  
In the dreary house of mourning,  
In the darkened room of pain,  
If we listen meekly, rightly,  
We may catch that soothing strain.

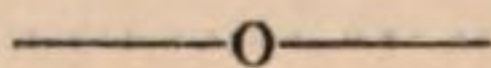
For Thine arm Thou hast not shortened,  
Nor turned away thine ear,  
O Saviour, ever ready,  
A suppliant's prayer to hear !



Show us light, still surely resting  
On all Thy darkest ways ;  
Give us Faith, still surely trusting  
Through sad and evil days.

And thus, while years are fleeting,  
Though our joys are with them gone  
In Thy changeless love rejoicing  
We shall journey calmly on ;  
Till at last, all sorrow over,  
Our story of grace we tell,  
In the heavenly chorus joining,  
“Thou hast done all things well !”

H. L. L.



## A Christian's Death.

**W**HAT a change can a moment create !  
A change how surpassing belief,  
To a holy, a heavenly state,  
From a deathbed of sorrow and grief.

She sleeps the sweet sleep of the just,  
Released from a world of pain,  
For she placed in the Saviour her trust  
Whom none ever trusted in vain.



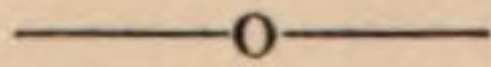
Ye weeping friends sorrow no more,  
Nor grieve o'er this body of clay,  
The spirit of her we deplore,  
Has flown to the regions of day.

Can the insect who flutters around,  
And rejoices its being to know,  
Can it mourn the lost cone that had bound,  
Or served as its prison below !

Can the eagle, new fledged, when it soars,  
Wish its days in the nest but begun,  
Or regret its confinement is o'er  
When it darts its bright eye to the sun !

Far less would the saint whom we mourn,  
When arrived at the joy of her Lord,  
To this sorrowing world return  
From the presence of Him she adored !

E. P.





## The Voices of the Past.

**W**HEN the long twilight of the North is fading  
into night,  
And flushes through the sky of June no more  
the rosy light.

When from the bosom of the glen a mingled murmur  
floats

Of gentle waters wandering, and latest woodland  
notes;—

When earth is calm, and heaven is balm, a spell is o'er  
me cast,

And I listen,—listen,—till I hear the Voices of the  
Past!

'Tis said that 'mid the lonely wilds where hoary Sinai  
stands

Full oft the startled Arab hears sweet bells across the  
sands,

Sweet hallowed bells, whose music tells that there  
amid the waste,

Lies buried deep an ancient Church that once the  
desert graced.

Thus wand'ring in the path of life the spell is o'er me  
cast,

The bells are ringing in the shrine,—the Voices of the  
Past.



O fraught with tender memories, and steeped in holy  
tears,  
Ye lead me, angel voices, down the vale of bygone  
years!  
I hear again, and not in vain, the lips now closed in  
death,  
That bid me *follow* where they won the victory of  
Faith!  
I weep,—but not in bitterness,—for hope returns at  
last,—  
Again I'll hear those voices dear, when earth and  
time are past!

When earth and time are passed away, when faith is  
changed to sight,—  
When the Hand that led us all the day hath brought  
us home at night,  
When Death is o'er,—and by us rolls Life's River  
crystal clear,  
And the light of heaven fills the eye, and angel songs  
the ear,  
O there, where saints before the throne their crowns of  
glory cast,  
Those voices dear, again we'll hear—the Voices of the  
Past!

M. A.



## On the Death of a Suffering Believer.



DEATH has at length released thee,  
Thou brave and patient one !  
The unutterable pangs are past,  
And all thy work is done.

Thou wert a daily lesson  
Of courage, hope, and faith ;  
We wondered at thee living,  
And envy thee thy death.

Thou hast gone up to Heaven,  
All glad and painless now ;  
The long worn look of anguish  
Has left thy noble brow.

Thou wert so meek and reverent,  
So resolute of will,  
So bold to bear the uttermost,  
And yet so calm and still.

We think of thee with sorrow,  
Thy sad untimely end ;  
We speak of thee with pity,  
Our sore-tried suffering friend :—



We cheat ourselves with idle words  
We are the poor ones here ;  
Sorrow and sin and suffering still,  
Surround our steps with fear.

Our life is yet before us—  
The bitter cup of woe,  
How deep it is which each must drink,  
Not one of us doth know.

The Shadow of the Valley,  
Whose gateway is the tomb,  
Spreads backward over all of us  
Its curtain-cloud of gloom.

Some stand but at the inlet,  
And some have passed within,  
O'er all the shadow hourly creeps,  
And we move further in.

Thou art beyond the shadow,  
Why should we weep for thee ?  
That thou from care, and pain, and death,  
Art set for ever free.

Well may we cease to sorrow ;  
Or if we weep at all,  
Not for thy fate, but for our own,  
Our bitter tears should fall.



'Twere better still to follow on  
The path that thou hast trod,  
The path thy Saviour trod before,  
That led thee up to God.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

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## Rest.

“We which have believed do enter into rest.”—*Heb. iv. 3.*



EST, weary soul !

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,  
For all thy sins full satisfaction made ;  
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done,  
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own,  
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

Rest, weary heart !

From all thy silent griefs, and secret pain,  
Thy profitless regrets, and longings vain ;  
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,  
All shall be blessedness and light at last ;  
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress,  
Rest, sweetly rest !



Rest, weary head !  
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,  
Light from above has broken through its gloom,  
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,  
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,  
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

Rest, spirit free ?  
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,  
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,  
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed.  
Beside the streams of life eternal led,  
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,  
Rest, sweetly rest !

H. L. L.

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## “Departed for a Season.”

“That thou shouldest receive him again for ever.”—*Phil.* xv.

“EPARTED for a season,” calmly sleeping  
night and day,  
Mid the quiet unbroken silence of the  
churchyard far away;  
Below the summer shadow and beneath the wintry sky,  
All alone they lie awaiting their summons from on  
high.

“Departed for a season,”—death hath entered by the  
door,  
And the old familiar places are vacant evermore;  
A coffin-lid is lying on the loved ones buried there,  
And the cry, “Come back, beloved,” hath no answer  
anywhere.

“Departed for a season,” from time’s tormenting fears,  
From all earth’s passionate regrets, her unavailing tears,  
But never now may sorrow blight, or bitter anguish  
dim,  
The everlasting melody of their triumphant hymn!

“Departed for a season,”—as the setting sun declines,  
Yet ye say that in another clime as radiantly he shines;



Deem ye not of immortality though time hath passed  
away,  
Of a blessed sweet companionship in Paradise to-day!

“Departed for a season,” we shall meet them all once  
more ;  
While our trembling feet are passing over Jordan’s  
narrow shore,  
Will it be that they shall greet us, a bright angelic  
band,  
With words of joyous welcome to the unseen Spirit  
land?

“Departed for a season,” take it then on loving trust,  
A Saviour’s eye is watching above the sacred dust;  
The Resurrection morning will awake them all, and  
then  
The saints who sleep in Jesus will be received again.

“Departed for the season,” safe within the Shepherd’s  
fold,  
Evermore faith hears them singing sweet hymns on  
harps of gold,  
Lord, it may be, they listen by the shadow of Thy  
wing,  
To the whispered word of promise, that “the others  
Thou must bring!”



Bring us safely, blessed Jesus, in Thine own good time  
and way,  
By all that everlasting love that never knows decay,  
Till we meet amid the glories of a bright eternal shore,  
The loved, the long departed, to be Thine for ever-  
more !

EDINBURGH,

M. K. W.

*from the Christian Treasury.*

—o—

## The Christian's view of Death.

ET me go !—the day is breaking,  
Morning bursts upon mine eye,  
Death this mortal frame is shaking,  
But the soul can never die !

Let me go !—the Daystar beaming,  
Gilds the radiant realms above ;  
Its full glory on me streaming,  
Lights me to that land of love !

Let me go !—No more a stranger,  
Pilgrim would I wander here ;  
Now exposed to sin and danger,  
Now a prey to doubt and fear.



Let me go !—may Heaven's best favour  
Rest, my dearest friends, with you—  
Oh ! I haste me to the Saviour,  
Fair, but fleeting world, adieu !

Let me go !—my warfare's ended,  
Night's dark shades have passed away,  
All in view is glory splendid,  
Boundless and eternal day !

Let me go !—my Master's chariot  
Waits in state to bear me home—  
Purchase of His grace and merit,  
Hallelujah ! Lord, I come !

Now I'm Thine, and Thine for ever,  
While eternal ages roll ;  
Sense and sin no more can sever  
Thy blest presence from my soul !

Now, amid the sacred splendour  
Of the glorious hosts above,  
Everlasting praise I'll render  
To that God whose name is Love !

MARY PYPER.



## The Death of an Infant.

 HEARD the angels singing  
As they went up through the sky,  
A sweet infant's spirit bringing,  
To its Father's house on high !

“ Happy thou, so soon ascended,  
With thy shining raiment on !  
Happy thou, whose race is ended  
With a crown so quickly won !

“ Hushed is now thy lamentation,  
And the first words to thee given  
Will be words of adoration,  
In the blessed speech of Heaven ;  
For the blood thou might'st have slighted  
Hath now made thee pure within,  
And the evil seed is blighted,  
That had ripened into sin.

“ We will lead thee by a river,  
Where the flowers are blooming fair ;  
We will sing to thee for ever,  
For no night may darken there.



Thou shalt walk in robes of glory ;  
Thou shalt wear a golden crown ;  
Thou shalt sing Redemption's story,  
With the saints around the throne.

“ Thou shalt see that better country,  
Where a teardrop never fell,  
Where a foe made never entry,  
And a friend ne'er said farewell ; \*  
Where upon the radiant faces,  
That will shine on thee alway,  
Thou shalt never see the traces  
Of estrangement or decay.

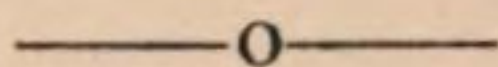
“ Thee we bear, a lily blossom,  
To a summer clime above ;  
There to lay thee in a bosom  
Warm with more than mother's love.  
Happy thou, so timely gathered,  
From a region cold and bare,  
To bloom on, a flower unwithered,  
Through an endless summer there ! ”

\* “Days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envying, communication of joys without lessening ; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.”—JEREMY TAYLOR.



Through the night that dragged so slowly,  
Watched a mother by a bed ;  
Weeping wildly, kneeling lowly,  
She would not be comforted.  
To her lost one she was clinging,  
Raining tears upon a shroud ;  
And those angel-voices singing,  
Could not reach her through the cloud.

REV. J. D. BURNS.



## Death of a Believer.



THINK, that while you're weeping here  
His hand a golden harp is stringing ;  
And with a voice serene and clear  
His ransomed soul, without a tear,  
His Saviour's praise is singing !

And think that all his pains are fled,  
His toils and sorrows closed for ever ;  
While He whose blood for man was shed  
Has placed upon His servant's head  
A crown which fadeth never !



And think that (in that awful day  
When darkness sun and moon is shading)  
The form which midst its kindred clay  
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,  
Shall rise to life unfading !

Then weep no more for him that's gone  
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter ;  
But on that Great High Priest alone,  
Who can for guilt like ours atone,  
Your own affections centre.

For thus, while round your lowly bier  
Surviving friends are sadly bending,  
Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,  
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,  
Faith lightest pinions lending.

And thus, when to the silent tomb,  
Your lifeless dust, like his, is given,  
Like Faith shall whisper 'midst the gloom,  
That yet again, in youthful bloom,  
That dust shall smile in Heaven.

R. HUIE.



H the lark sings aye the sweeter  
The higher that it flies,  
And the heavy heart's aye lighter  
When to God its breathings rise.

But the wing will droop that's weary,  
The lark sits silent down ;  
So the sinking heart grows dreary,  
Its music ceases soon.

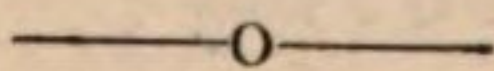
Then let it not surprise thee  
That when I take the lyre,  
Sweet memories of mercy,  
The lowly song inspire.  
The heart unhurt, unhealed,  
Another lay may choose ;  
God's love to man revealed,  
Shall wake the grateful muse.

The eye in morning brightness,  
Unsullied by a tear,  
Sheds its own sunny lightness  
On all that dazzles here,—  
Cast sorrow's shadow o'er it,  
And shorn of every ray,  
He only can restore it  
Who wipes the tear away.



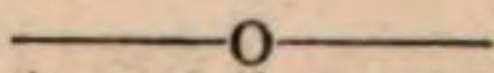
Then let it not surprise thee  
That when I take the lyre,  
Sweet memories of mercy  
The humble song inspire.  
The heart unhurt, unhealed,  
May look for other lays,  
Our peace in Jesus sealed  
Shall wake my bosom's praise.

J. A. P.



### Epitaph in Holyrood Chapel.

 SOUL prepared needs no delay,  
The summons comes,—the saints obey,—  
Swift was his course, and short his road,  
He closed his eyes, and saw his God,



OULD you be young again?  
So would not I.  
One tear to memory given,  
Onwards I hie!  
Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
All but at rest on shore ;



Say, would you plunge once more  
With Home so nigh?

If you might would you now  
Retrace your way?  
Wander through stormy wilds,  
Faint and astray?  
Night's gloomy watches fled,  
Morning all beaming red,  
Hope's smiles around us shed,—  
Heavenward away!

Where are those loved ones now,  
Our joy and delight,  
Dear, and more dear, though now  
Hidden from sight?  
Where they rejoice to be,  
There is the land for me,  
Fly time, fly speedily,  
Come Life and Light!

LADY NAIRNE, *in her 76th year.*



## A Little While.

EYOND the smiling and the weeping,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the waking, and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,  
I shall be soon :  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.



Beyond the gathering and the strewing,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon ;  
Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, but come !

Rev. H. BONAR.



## Song of the Spirit.

(The idea is that of a ransomed spirit, after its deliverance from the burden of the flesh, looking back on the way by which it had been led from death to life.)

 OY, joy! what deep joy this spirit hath felt  
Long, long ago, long long ago,  
Since first at the fountain of pure bliss it knelt,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

Now, O what rapture! in glory to trace  
The path I then followed, still led by His grace,  
His arms spread beneath me, I passed o'er my race,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

Joy, joy! how clearly each line now shines bright,  
Dark long ago, dark long ago,  
When the vision of faith was obscured by the sight,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

See, see His Sun, through the tears I then shed,  
The bright bow of Promise hath formed o'er my head,  
And lit up the Ark where for safety I fled,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

There, there, thick darkness my path shadowed drear  
Long, long ago, long ago,  
His Sun hath arisen—night fled—all is clear,  
Long, long ago, long ago.



Then, then the wings of the eagle were mine,  
Cleaving the clouds, and outspeeding all time,  
I sprang in the spirit to glory divine !

Long, long ago, long ago.

Yes ! there I mark where my feeble faith shook,  
Long, long ago, long ago,  
Fainting and drooping He showed me the brook

Long, long ago, long ago.

Like a giant refreshed, I in strength thought to stand,  
No rock could be firmer—but ah! feeble wand,  
I bent like the reed, till caught up in His hand,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Then came the last strife—the waters arose,

Long, long ago, long ago ;

The accuser had armed for the conflict my foes,

Long, long ago, long ago,

He came like a flood, but he ebbed like its wave ;  
Christ's banner was o'er me—death, hell, and the grave  
Fled from Him who had crushed them in dying to save

Long, long ago, long ago.

MONTAGUE STANLEY.



## Comfort in Affliction.

**W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few;  
On Him I lean, who not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain.  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;  
To fly the good I should pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do;  
Still He who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Despised by those I prized too well;  
He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
He felt on earth severer woe;  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismayed, my spirit dies;  
Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,



Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend ;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,—  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou did'st weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

And Oh ! when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,—  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed,—for Thou hast died !  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away !

SIR ROBERT GRANT.



Part III.

*Miscellaneous Hymns and  
Sacred Poems.*









## The Cross of Constantine.

“**C**ONQUER in this!” Not unto thee alone,  
The vision spake, imperial Constantine!  
Nor, presage only of an earthly throne,  
Blazed in mid-heaven the consecrated sign,  
Through the unmeasured tract of coming time  
The mystic cross doth with soft lustre glow,  
And speaks through every age, in every clime,  
To every slave of sin, and child of woe.

“Conquer in this!” Ay, when the rebel heart  
Clings to the idols it was wont to cherish,  
And as it sees those fleeting boons depart,  
Grieveth that things so bright were found to perish  
Arise, bereav’d one! and, athwart the gloom,  
Read in the brightness of that cheering ray—  
“Mourn not, O Christian! though so brief their bloom,  
Nought that is worth a sigh shall pass away.”

“Conquer in this!” When fairest visions come  
To lure thy spirit to a path of flowers,  
Binding the exile from a heavenly home  
To dwell a lingerer in unholy bowers;



Strong in His strength who burst the bonds of sin,  
Clasp to Thy bosom, clasp the holy cross!  
Dost thou not seek a heavenly crown to win?  
Hast thou not counted all beside as dross?

“Conquer in this!” Though powers of earth and hell  
Were leagued to bar thee from thy homeward way,  
The cross shall every darkling shade dispel,  
Chase every doubt and re-assure dismay.  
Faint not, O wearied one! faint not: for thee  
The Lord of Righteousness and Glory bled,  
And His Good Spirit’s influence with free  
And plenteous unction, is upon Thee shed,

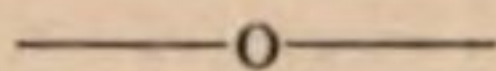
“Conquer in this!” When by thy fevered bed  
Thou seest the dark-winged angel take his stand,  
Who soon shall lay thy body with the dead,  
And bear thy spirit to the Spirit’s land:  
Fear not! the Cross sustains thee, and its aid  
In that last trial shall thy succour bring;  
Go, fearless, through the dark, the untried shade,  
For sin is vanquish’d and death hath no sting.

“Conquer in this!” Strong in thy Saviour’s might,  
When bursts the morning of a brighter day,  
Rise, Christian, victor in the glorious fight,  
Arise, rejoicing from thy cell of clay:



The Cross which led thee scatheless through the  
gloom,  
Shall in that hour heaven's royal banner be;  
Thou hast o'ercome the world, the flesh, the tomb;  
Triumph in Him who died and rose for thee.

THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.



## Trust in God, and do the Right.

OURAGE, Brother, do not stumble,  
Though thy path is dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,  
And its ending out of sight;  
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light;  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,  
Fiends can look like angels bright;



Trust no custom, school, or fashion,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, church, or faction,  
Trust no leaders in the fight,  
But in every word and action  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,  
Inward peace and inward light;  
Star upon our path abiding,  
*"Trust in God, and do the right!"*

REV. N. M'LEOD, D.D.



## The Useful Life.

O, labour on; spend and be spent,  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went,  
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises,—what are men?

Go, labour on; enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Go, labour on, while it is day;  
The world's dark night is hastening on,  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,  
It is not thus that souls are won.



Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal, behold I come!

REV. H. BONAR.

—o—

## Humility.

 H! learn that it is only by the lowly  
The paths of peace are trod;  
If thou would'st keep thy garments white and holy,  
Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted  
Is in God's sight a fool;



But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted  
Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated  
As His abiding rest;  
And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited  
When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain  
Falls in the valleys free;  
Bright verdure fringes the small desert-fountain,  
But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth  
Which charms the general wood,  
But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth  
Its unseen neighbourhood.

The censer swung by the proud hand of merit  
Fumes with a fire abhorred;  
But faith's two mites, dropped covertly, inherit  
A blessing from the Lord.

Round lowliness a gentle radiance hovers,  
A sweet unconscious grace;  
Which, even in shrinking, evermore discovers  
The brightness on its face.



Where God abides, Contentment is, and Honour,  
Such guerdon Meekness knows;  
His peace within her, and His smile upon her,  
Her saintly way she goes.

Through the strait gate of life she passes stooping,  
With sandals on her feet;  
And pure-eyed graces, hand in hand, come trooping  
Their sister fair to greet.

The angels bend their eyes upon her goings,  
And guard her from annoy;  
Heaven fills her heart with silent overflowings  
Of its perennial joy.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the vesture  
With which He walked on earth;  
And through her childish glance, and step, and gesture,  
He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this seal of glory graven  
On all whom He redeems,  
And in His own bright City, crystal-paven,  
On every brow it gleams.

The white robed saints, the throne steps singing under,  
Their state all meekly wear;  
Their praise wells up from hidden springs of wonder,  
That grace has brought them there.

REV. J. D. BURNS.



S fades the early summer flower  
Beneath the sultry beam,  
So man, the creature of an hour,  
Must vanish as a dream.

Awhile he buds, awhile he blows  
In beauty's manly pride;  
But oft beneath the damask rose  
The canker worm doth hide.

Life is a chequered pilgrimage  
Where shades and sunshine blend;  
But skies may lower, and storms may rage  
If peace but crown the end!

What matter though the thorny path  
In joy or grief is trod,  
If through the grave and gate of death  
The spirit pass to God?

When first I knew thee, health prevailed,  
And joy sat smiling by,  
I came again, and death had sealed  
The lustre of thine eye.



I mourn thine early fate, but yet  
I almost envy thee,  
So soon released, so quickly set  
From care and sorrow free.

No more shall grief's o'erwhelming tide  
Break on thy peaceful rest;  
No more its muddy waters glide  
Across thy tranquil breast.

MARY PYPER.

—o—

### The Lord reigneth.

EHOVAH doth reign !  
Almighty His will,  
And angels and men  
His plan must fulfil.  
In vain they endeavour  
Against Him to rise,  
His kingdom for ever  
Stands firm as the skies.

Jehovah doth reign !  
Eternal His sway,



And dare we complain  
Frail things of a day,  
If vain are our guesses  
His purpose to trace,  
Whose pathway embraces  
All time and all space !

Jehovah doth reign !  
Encompassed with Light,  
Though clouds may restrain  
His beams from our sight.  
Far up in his splendour  
The Sun shineth clear,  
Though tempests may hinder  
His light to appear.

Jehovah doth reign ;  
In Him let us trust ;  
Though He makes it plain  
That man is but dust.  
This proving and trying  
His wisdom sees best,  
That on Him relying  
Alone we may rest.

Jehovah doth reign !  
His people rejoice !  
His hand can sustain  
The flock of His choice.

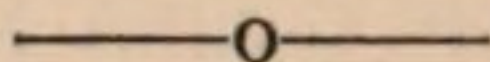


The heathen assemble,  
 The kingdoms are moved,  
 But why should they tremble  
 Whom Jesus hath loved?

M. A.

1857.

(*Written during the Indian Mutiny.*)



## The Family.

“Fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.”

*Ephesians* 11. 19.

**T**HERE is a wondrous family  
 That's scattered far and near,  
 All travelling to eternity,  
 But never gathered here.  
 There's many a loving brother  
 And sister dear, we know,  
 Who shall never see each other  
 Nor ever meet below.

They have all one mighty Father,  
 Who is for ever near;  
 But they only feel His presence,  
 And never see Him here.



They have all an Elder Brother,  
Who saved them every one;  
But they shall not see His beauty  
Until their journey's done.

They have all one home, far distant,  
On which their hopes are set;  
But they do not know its glories,  
Nor even dream them yet.  
When within its blessed portals  
This scattered household meet,  
How great will be the jubilee!  
The fellowship how sweet!

Then if homewards I am hasting  
I need not shed a tear,  
Though I meet few kindly faces,  
Or friendly greetings here.  
All more dear will be the welcome,  
When entrance there I gain;  
All the sweeter to be sharing  
Love's pure and perfect reign.

C. T.

*From The Family Treasury.*



## Isaiah xlii. 16.



KNOW not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide ;  
With a childlike trust I give my hand  
To the mighty Friend by my side.  
The only thing that I say to Him,  
As he takes it, is, "Hold it fast,  
"Suffer me not to lose my way,  
And bring me home at last."

As when some helpless wanderer,  
Alone in an unknown land,  
Tells the guide his destined place of rest  
And leaves all else in his hand.  
'Tis home, 'tis home, that we wish to reach ;  
He who guides us may choose the way ;  
Little we heed what path we take,  
If nearer home each day !

M. D.



## Evening.

**W**HEN Nature's loom hath ceased to weave  
The tissued garb of toil and care,  
And Heaven's sweet breath alone doth  
heave—

Then this should be the Hour of Prayer !

When evening spreads her sable pall,  
And gentle sleep steals o'er each breast !  
When flocks and herds have sought the stall—  
Then this should be the Hour of Rest.

And oh ! should some lost wand'rer turn  
That would his steps to heaven retrace ;  
Should his heart melt, his ardour burn—  
Then this would be the Hour of Grace !

And when life's evening gathers round  
Some servant of the Lord most High,  
His warfare o'er, his labours crowned—  
Then this would be the Hour of Joy !

MARY PYPER.



## God is Light.

**E**TERNAL Light! Eternal Light!  
How pure that soul must be,  
When placed within Thy searching sight,  
It shrinks not, but with calm delight  
Can live and look on Thee!

The spirits that surround Thy throne  
May bear the burning bliss;  
But that is surely theirs alone,  
For they have never, never known  
A fallen world like this!

O how can I, whose native sphere  
Is dark,—whose mind is dim,—  
Before the Ineffable appear,  
And on my naked spirit bear  
The uncreated beam?

There is a Way for man to rise  
To that sublime abode,—  
An Offering and a Sacrifice,  
A Holy Spirit's energies,  
An Advocate with God.



These, these prepare man for the sight  
Of Majesty above,  
The sons of ignorance and night  
Can stand in the *Eternal Light*,  
Through the *Eternal Love*!

BINNEY,  
*Scottish Christian Herald.*

—o—

## Dawn.

“Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing on his wings.”—*Mal. iv. 2.*

**R**ISE, Sun of Righteousness! arise!  
Lord, let Thy light appear!  
Thou wilt not humble prayer despise,  
Thee, Lord of Hosts, we fear.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
With healing on Thy wings;  
Thy beam the tear of sorrow dries,  
And heavenly comfort brings.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
O shed abroad Thy ray,  
For Thee we look with longing eyes,  
We watch thy dawning day.



Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
And shine from pole to pole,  
Dispel the gloom that round us lies,  
Enlighten every soul.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Within our bosoms glow,  
Draw from our hearts sin's deepest dyes,  
And make us white as snow.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Thy goodness may we see,  
And where Thy glory lights the skies  
Lord, let our dwelling be!

J. A. P.

—o—

“They sing the Song of Moses.”



ARK was the night, the wind was high,  
The way by mortals never trod;  
For God had made the channel dry,  
When faithful Moses stretched the rod.

The raging waves on either hand  
Stood like a massy tott'ring wall,



And on the heaven-defended band  
Refused to let the waters fall.

With anxious footsteps Israel trod  
The depths of that mysterious way;  
Cheered by the pillar of their God,  
That shone for them with fav'ring ray.

But when they reached the opposing shore,  
As morning streaked the eastern sky,  
They saw the billows hurry o'er  
The flower of Pharaoh's chivalry.

Then awful gladness filled the mind  
Of Israel's mighty ransomed throng;  
And while they gazed on all behind,  
Their wonder burst into a song.

Thus Thy redeemed ones, Lord, on earth,  
While passing through this vale of weeping,  
Mix holy trembling with their mirth,  
And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,  
The path no human strength can tread;  
Jesus! be Thou the Pillar Cloud,  
Heaven's light upon our path to shed.



And oh, when life's dark journey o'er,  
And death's enshrouding valley past,  
We plant our foot on yonder shore,  
And tread yon golden strand at last,

Shall we not see with deep amaze,  
How grace hath led us safe along;  
And whilst behind, before, we gaze  
Triumphant burst into a song !

And even on earth, though sore bestead,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,  
To-morrow captive led by sin ;

Yet would I lift my downcast eyes,  
On Thee, Thou brilliant tower of fire,  
Thou dark cloud to mine enemies,  
That hope may all my breast inspire.

And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,  
Though Satan and his legions rage:  
And the sweet song of faith I'll raise,  
To cheer me on my pilgrimage.

M·CHEYNE.



## Advent.

**T**HE Church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still in weeds of widowhood  
She weeps a mourner yet,  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died;  
And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side;  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn;  
We laid them but to ripen there,  
Till the last glorious morn.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,  
The powers of hell grow bold,  
The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
And love is waxing cold.



How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy, and true, and good,  
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,  
Her sighs, and tears, and blood?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,  
To see Thee face to face,  
To share Thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share Thy grace.  
Should not the loving Bride  
The absent Bridegroom mourn?  
Should she not wear the weeds of grief  
Until her Lord return?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice,  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.  
Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

REV. H. BONAR.



## The Morning of the Lord's Day.

**D**AIL, morning known among the blest!  
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,  
Of heavenly peace and holy rest,  
Pledge of the endless rest above.

Blest be the Father of our Lord,  
Who from the dead hath brought His Son,  
Hope to the lost was then restored,  
And everlasting glory won.

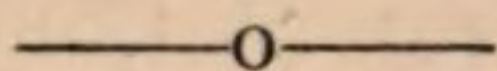
Scarce morning twilight had begun  
To chase the shades of night away,  
When Christ arose, unsetting Sun!  
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

Mercy looked down with gracious eye  
When our Immanuel left the dead;  
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,  
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

Thy goodness, Lord, we bear in mind,  
Who to Thy saints this day hast given,  
For rest and holy joy designed,  
To fit our souls for death and heaven.



Descend, O Spirit of the Lord,  
Thy fire to every bosom bring;  
Then shall our hearts and lips accord  
While God's high praise we joyful sing.  
DR WARDLAW.



## Life from the dead.

(1 Kings xvii. 17.)

“H what have I to do with thee,  
Thou man of God, this day?  
My sin thou callest up to me,—  
My son thou tak'st away!”

Thus wailed the childless widow's heart,  
By grief and fear oppressed,  
As conscience sharpened sorrow's dart  
And pierced her troubled breast.

He sleeps,—but where the low sweet sound  
Of slumb'ring childhood's breath?  
Too solemn is the stillness round;  
It is not sleep, 'tis death!

The spirit travels far away  
Along the lonely road!



What there remains is lifeless clay :  
The soul hath fled to God !

The stream of death he hath passed o'er,  
And who his course may track ?  
The sounds of earth he hears no more,  
What voice may call him back ?

“Give me thy child,” the Prophet said,  
And took him from her breast,  
And gently on his lowly bed  
The lifeless form he placed.

And to his God arose his cry  
Amid the silence lone,—  
But there was neither sound nor sigh  
And signs of life were none.

Then thrice upon the child he lay,  
And thrice his cry he poured,  
“To Thee, O Lord my God, I pray !  
Restore his soul, O Lord !”

He prayed the mighty prayer of faith,  
And God that prayer received,  
Unloosed the icy hands of death,—  
The child awoke and lived !



But who can sound the Prophet's thought,  
Or paint the mother's joy,  
As to her clasping arms he brought  
Her death-delivered Boy?

The truth of God had touched her heart,  
Her faith sprung up anew,  
"I know a man of God thou art!  
I know thy word is true!"

O pray,—pray on,—ye souls that weep,  
Some loved one dead in sins,  
'Tis God that prompts these pleadings deep  
Before His work begins.

M. A.

—o—

### "Consider the Lilies."

"OOK to the lilies how they grow!"  
'Twas thus the Saviour said,—that we  
Even in the simplest flowers that blow,  
God's ever watchful care might see.

Yes! nought escapes the guardian eye  
Of Him who marks the sparrow's fall,



Of Him who lists the raven's cry,  
However vast,—however small.

Then mourn not we for those we love  
As if all hope were reft away,  
Nor let our sorrowing hearts refuse  
Submission to His will to pay.

Shall He who paints the lily's leaf,  
Who gives the rose its scented breath,  
Love all His works except the chief,  
And leave His image, Man, to death?

No! other hearts and hopes be ours;  
And to our souls let faith be given,  
To think our lost friends only flowers  
Transplanted from this world to heaven!

D. MOIR.



**T**HE Eternal spoke ! 'twas holy ground,  
To Israel, midst the desert's maze !  
Terrific glory gleamed around,—  
Mount Sinai trembled to its base !  
Lightning repelled the intruder's gaze,  
And thunder rolled amidst the gloom :—  
The appalling trumpet notes did raise,  
Such as shall burst the tomb !

Deliverer of the human race !  
Light of a ruined world redeemed !  
With softer sounds of love and peace  
Thine advent was proclaimed.  
Altho' effulgent glory gleamed  
O'er Bethlehem that eventful night ;  
Altho' celestial radiance streamed,  
'Twas all *serenely* bright.

No trumpet with terrific noise  
Preceded Thine angelic train ;  
Not hail, nor fire, nor tempest's voice,  
Disturbed the stillness of the scene :—  
No clouds obscured the hallowed plain  
No thunderings announced Thy birth !  
But seraphs hymned this dulcet strain,—  
“Peace and good will on earth.”

D. VEDDER.



**P**LACE me where winds and tempests reign,  
Where frowning winter binds the plain  
In chains of ice and snow ;  
Where never summer's tepid breeze  
Invigorates the dying trees  
Or bids the waters flow ;

Or place me where the arid soil  
Mocks human skill and human toil,  
Where ceaseless thunders roll ;  
Where not a leaf of verdure grows,  
Nor dews descend, nor fountain flows  
To cheer the fainting soul.

My Saviour's love, my Saviour's smile,  
The tedious moments shall beguile,  
And give the desert charms ;  
What though the clime be winged with death,  
'Twere heaven to yield this fleeting breath,  
And fly to Jesus' arms !

LORD GLENELG.



## Stanzas from "Departed Days."

**T**HE loud Atlantic Ocean,  
On Scotland's rugged breast,  
Rocks with harmonious motion  
His weary waves to rest,  
And gleaming round her emerald isles  
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.  
On that romantic shore  
My parents hailed their first-born boy:  
A mother's pangs my mother bore,  
My father felt a father's joy:  
My father, mother,—parents now no more.  
Beneath the Lion Star they sleep,  
Beyond the western deep,  
And when the Sun's noon glory crests the waves  
He shines without a shadow on their graves.

Light without darkness, without sorrow joy  
On earth are all unknown to man;  
Here while I roved a heedless boy,  
Here while through paths of peace I ran,  
My feet were vexed with puny snares,  
My bosom stung with insect cares:  
But ah! what light and little things  
Are childhood's woes! they break no rest;



Like dewdrops on the skylark's wings,  
While slumbering in his grassy nest,  
Gone in a moment, when he springs  
To meet the morn with open breast,  
As o'er the eastern hill her banners glow  
And, veiled in mist, the valley sleeps below.

Like him, on these delightful plains,  
I taught, with fearless voice,  
The echoing woods to sound my strains,  
The mountains to rejoice.

Hail to the trees beneath whose shade  
Rapt into worlds unseen I strayed;  
Hail to the stream that purled along  
In hoarse accordance to my song,  
My song that poured uncensured lays,  
Tuned to a dying Saviour's praise,  
In numbers simple, wild, and sweet,  
As were the flowers beneath my feet;

Those flowers are dead,  
Those numbers fled,  
Yet o'er my secret thought,  
From cold oblivion's silent gloom,  
Their music to my ear is brought  
Like voices from the tomb.

J. MONTGOMERY.



“Yet there is Room.”

“**Y**ET there is room!” My soul rejoice  
And hail the gladsome sound;  
It is Emmanuel’s sacred voice  
Which spreads the news around.  
The feast is made, the Master calls  
His friends the house to fill,  
In robes of white they crowd the halls,  
But seats are vacant still.

“Yet there is room!” He calls again,  
For guests the banquet stays!  
And lo! from every street and lane  
A joyful band obeys.  
The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind  
With willing steps repair;  
And all a cheerful welcome find,  
And wedding garments there.

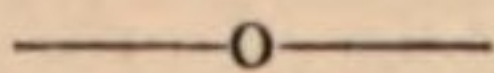
“Yet there is room!” the highways yield  
An answer to the cry;  
And now the hedge, and now the field  
Another tribe supply.



With grateful hearts they enter in  
 No wants their claims annul,  
 And yet the Feast may not begin,  
 Nor are the tables full.

“Yet there is room!” But thou my soul  
 Must make no more delay;  
 Up, trim thy lamp, thy fears control,  
 And gird thee for the way.  
 Dear Lord, I ask no crown from Thee,  
 No robe with rich perfume,  
 The meanest place will do for me  
 And in the lowest room!

R. HUIE.



## Angel Visits.

*1 Kings xix. 4. Hebrews i. 14.*

**T**HIS world has glorious visitants from heaven,  
 That glide unseen amid its ways of strife,  
 Bright angel comforters, whose aid is given  
 To those whom God has marked as heirs of life.  
 We see them not on wings of light descending  
 We hear not yet their choral hymns of praise,  
 But when before the Throne we meet them bending  
 We'll know how often they have marked our ways.



Elijah slept by desert sands surrounded,  
Beneath a Juniper his head was laid,  
His heart was faint, iniquity abounded,  
“Lord, take away my weary life,” he said.  
A touch, a voice arouses him from sleeping,  
“Arise, and eat the food for thee prepared!”  
God’s angel watch around him hath been keeping;  
He knows that love divine for him hath cared.

Again in sleep his weary eyes are closing,  
The angel stands beside the lonely tree,  
And once again awakes him from reposing,  
“Arise, and eat, the way is long for thee!”  
And in the strength of that angelic food  
For forty days and nights he journeyed on,  
Until he came to Horeb’s solitude,  
And in the Mount of God he dwelt alone.

How oft, when earth and sin our hearts have saddened,  
And low-born cares have made us all their prey,  
Some ray of heavenly light our path has gladdened,  
Some angel guard has stooped to cheer our way!  
And oft, too oft, when sinful sloth hath bound us  
A voice from heaven upon us seemed to dart,  
A whispered message from God’s word has found us,  
Arousing, startling, strengthening the heart.

M. A.



## The Rainbow.

**S**OFT glowing in uncertain birth,  
'Twixt nature's smiles and tears,  
The Bow, O Lord, which Thou hast bent  
Bright in the cloud appears.  
The portal of Thy dwelling-place,  
That pure arch seems to be,  
And as I bless its mystic light,  
My spirit turns to Thee.

Thus gleaming o'er a guilty world  
We hail the ray of love ;—  
Thus dawns upon the contrite heart  
Thy mercy from above ;  
And as Thy faithful promise speaks  
Repentant sin forgiven,  
In humble hope we bless the beam  
That points the way to Heaven.

THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.



Lines upon an Olive Branch from  
Gethsemane.

**Y**OU ask me why I love these olive leaves?  
It is that fancy cleaves  
To where their parent stem doth grow  
Where Kedron's gentle waters flow,  
Where the thick Olive shade falls mournfully  
Upon Gethsemane!

Yes, the red drops bedewed their native sod,—  
And told the wrath of God,  
Beneath whose agonizing power  
The Saviour bowed in that dread hour  
When on his soul a load of anguish lay,—  
*Our curse* endured that day!

And now this peace-branch brings before my thought  
The price at which 'twas bought!  
And not more dear to Noah's eye  
The leaf that told the flood gone bye,  
Plucked by the dove from some unscathed tree—  
Than this is dear to me!

M. A.



"I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder."—Rev. iv. 2.

**H**ARK ! hark ! 'tis heaven's choir,  
Sweeter far than mortal lyre,  
Pealing, thrilling, soothing, blending,  
Up to Heaven's top vault ascending,  
Now in deepest thunder rolling,  
High the Almighty's power extolling,  
And now in softest sweetness swelling,  
Of Divinest mercy telling.

Steep, my soul, thy sense in slumbers,  
And wake but to these mystic numbers,  
Higher than creation's height,  
Deeper than chaotic night,  
Far into oblivion's gloom,  
Of all that is, or was, the tomb,  
Spread these deep loud notes afar,  
Announcing Heaven's impending war.

Quick at the voice of that live thunder  
Earth and hell are rent asunder ;  
Hark it rolls, still louder pealing,  
Every secret thing revealing,  
Death and sin are fast descending,  
All their tyrannies are ending ;



Darkness startles on her throne,  
For her ancient sway is gone.

The silent solitary earth  
Now labours with portentous birth ;  
The mighty deep in madness roars,  
And his long treasured dead restores,  
Heaven's thunder darkens, deepens on,  
But cannot drown the deeper moan  
Bursting from millions, who behold  
Their doom at length so oft foretold.

W. S. M., *Pennicuick.*

—o—

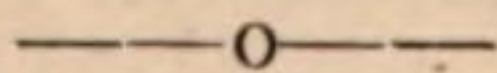
### Incarnation.

HEN the red thunderbolts of heavenly wrath,  
Were blazing onwards in their destined path,  
When man in sin and mental blindness low,  
Nor thought of heaven, nor feared the coming blow,  
Emmanuel rose, the guilty race He saved,  
The intercepted bolts of justice braved,  
Endured the fire of Heaven which round Him fell,  
The shriek of nature, and the rage of hell,



Death's keenest dart,—and then on wings sublime  
“ Repassed the fiery bounds of space and Time,”—  
Incarnate God!—made Heaven's high gates give way,  
And, first of men, saw uncreated day;  
Man thinks of this as it had never been,  
This greatest wonder of the world unseen,  
No throne was shaken, and no empire fell,  
Man's heart was conquered, Satan, Death, and Hell;  
The victory raised us to the blest abodes,  
And made us equal with created gods.

J. D.



## Public Worship.

**O** Thy temple I repair,  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil, I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.

Thou, through Him art reconciled,  
I through Him became Thy child!  
Abba! Father! give me grace  
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.



While Thy glorious praise is sung  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to Thy law  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till Thy gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.

While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy name,  
Through their voice by faith may I  
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

From Thy house when I return  
May my heart within me burn,  
And at evening let me say,  
I have walk'd with God to-day.

J. MONTGOMERY.



## The Feast.

OVE strong as death, nay stronger,  
Love mightier than the grave;  
Broad as the earth, and longer  
Than ocean's widest wave.  
This is the love that sought us,  
This is the love that bought us,  
This is the love that brought us  
To gladdest day from saddest night,  
From deepest shame to glory bright,  
From depths of death to life's fair height,  
From darkness to the joy of light;  
This is the love that leadeth  
Us to His table here,  
This is the love that spreadeth  
For us this royal cheer.

BONAR.



## Sacramental Hymn.

“This do in remembrance of me.”

CCORDING to Thy gracious word  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

Thy body broken for my sake  
My bread from heaven shall be,  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony, and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

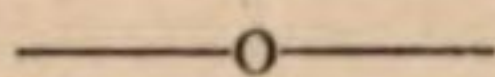
When to the Cross I turn mine eyes  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!  
I must remember Thee?

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath or pulse remains  
Will I remember Thee.



And when those failing lips grow dumb  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come  
Jesus, remember me!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



Psalm lxxxiv.

 LORD of Sabaoth, how lovely, how sweet,  
In the place Thou hast chosen, to kneel at  
Thy feet!

The wish of my soul, the desire of my heart,  
Is to dwell in Thy presence, to be where Thou art!

The sparrows, O Lord, in Thy temple do rest,  
Thine altars have furnished the swallow a nest,  
And there her young nestlings have found an abode,  
They dwell where Thou dwellest, my King and my  
God.

How happy are they who may meet in Thy place,  
To sing of Thy praise, and to pray for Thy grace,  
And blessed the people whose strength is the Lord,  
The guide of whose heart is the way of Thy word.



Who find it a spring in the valley of grief,  
A well of refreshment, to bring them relief,  
Still onward, still upward, their footsteps shall be,  
Till the God of their glory in Zion they see.

Lord God of Sabaoth, O bow down Thine ear!  
The prayer of Thy servant, Thou Holy One, hear!  
Through Christ, Thine anointed, in mercy look down,  
Our strength, our salvation, Oh look on Thine own!

One day in Thy courts is more pleasant to me  
Than ages devoted to folly could be,  
And the least in Thy temple is happier far  
Than the great in the tents of ungodliness are.

For the Lord is a sun and a shield to His own,  
All grace and all glory proceed from His throne;  
No gift that is good will His mercy refuse  
To such as the pathway of holiness choose.  
Blessed, Oh blessed for ever is he,  
Lord God of Sabaoth, who trusteth in Thee!

J. A. P.



## Sonnet on Sabbath Morn.

ITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are  
still ;

A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,  
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,  
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;  
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.  
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !  
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws ;  
The gales that lately sighed along the grove  
Have hushed their drowsy wings in dead repose :  
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move :  
So soft the day when the first morn arose !

JOHN LEYDEN.

—o—

## The Australian Emigrant's Hymn.

THOU, who know'st not change of place,  
Nor feel'st the flight of time,  
Accept my thanks for all Thy grace  
In many a varied clime.



Thou heard'st me breathe my childhood's prayer  
In Albion's distant isle ;  
Thou hear'st me still invoke Thy care  
Where southern woodlands smile.

Lord! send me faith, a Father's hand  
In all Thy works to see ;  
And make this moral waste a land  
Where praise is paid to Thee.

Let Christian temples glad the eye  
On every mountain's brow,  
And Christian hymns ascend on high  
Where all is silent now.

Ungodly yet though thousands live,  
Who here Thy kindness prove,  
Propitious springs and harvests give,  
And win them by Thy love.

For me,—a pilgrim's lot is mine,  
I ask but pilgrim's fare,  
The daily bread vouchsafed to Thine,  
A crust, perchance, to spare.

And O, while life's short years revolve,  
My soul in safety keep ;  
And grant me, when earth's ties dissolve,  
In Christ to fall asleep.

R. HUIE.



## Sabbath Bells.

**S**WEET Sabbath Bells! ye waft my soul,  
 On your solemn chimes at even,  
 To the land where life's glad waters roll  
 Through the pastures green of heaven.

Sweet Sabbath Bells! no temple there  
 Gathers a holy throng;  
 For every heart is a shrine of prayer,  
 And "every voice is song."

No weekly calm in the world above  
 Shall breathe upon scenes of care;  
 For the moments of heaven are bright with love,  
 And each is a Sabbath there.

No ear for the songs of the blest has he  
 Who loves not the Sabbath bell,  
 Breathing its sacred melody  
 O'er city, and field, and fell.

Oh! take its *shade* from a "weary" clime,  
 And its *well* from the desert's breast,  
 But leave to a world of care and crime,  
 The depth of its Sabbath rest!

Like islands green mid the streams of life  
 Our blessed Sabbaths rise,



Where our barks may rest from storms and strife  
As they float to Paradise.

O God of love ! send forth a blast  
From Thy Spirit full and free,  
That their beaten sails may fold at last  
In a haven of peace with Thee !

REV. J. ANDERSON.

—o—

### The Scottish Sabbath.—Sonnet.

**I**F earth hath ought that speaks to us of heaven  
Tis when within some lone and leafy dell  
Solemn and slow we list the Sabbath bell,  
On music's wings through the clear ether driven.  
Say not the sounds aloud, "O man, 'twere well  
Hither to come ; walk not in sins unshriven ;  
Haste to this temple ; tidings ye shall hear,  
Ye who are sorrowful and sick in soul,  
Your doubts to chase, your downcastness to cheer,  
To bind affliction's wounds and make you whole :  
Hither, come hither, though with Tyrian dye  
Guilt hath polluted you, yet white as snow  
Cleansed by the streams that from this altar flow  
Home ye shall pass to meet your Maker's eye ?"

D. MOIR.



## Our Little Station Church.

“Thus saith the Lord God, although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come.”—*Ezekiel xi. 16.*

**T**HE Sabbath bell we may not hear,  
 No gorgeous Gothic fane is near,  
 And two or three may scarcely meet,  
 To kneel before the Mercy-seat:  
 The heathen altars round may stand,  
 This world's spirit may fill the land,  
 While scattered, few, and far between  
 The followers of Christ are seen:

Yet still, the Lofty One and High,  
 Who dwelleth in Eternity,  
 The contrite spirit's prayer will hear,  
 And deign the lowly soul to cheer;  
 From breathings of a broken heart,  
 Thy mercy, Lord, will not depart,  
 To mark the humble sinner's sigh  
 The Holy One is ever nigh.

And will He not descend to bless  
 His temple in the wilderness;

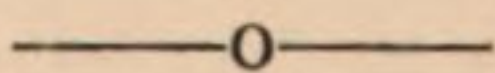


To hear our feeble voices raise,  
 With hearts sincere, our prayer and praise?  
 Come boldly then without the camp,  
 Let ways, not words profession stamp  
 And, grateful, glory in His name  
 Who died for us, despising shame.

Come, let us join to praise the Lord,  
 Come, let us read His Holy Word,  
 And pray for grace to understand  
 And strength to keep each high command,  
 Lord, when before Thee we appear,  
 Hear Thou, in heaven Thy dwelling, hear,  
 And when Thou hearest, O forgive,  
 And in Thy favour bid us live!

JESSORE, *Bengal*, 1830.

J. A. P.



## The Scottish Sabbath Remembered.

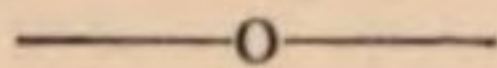


ON shores far foreign, or remoter seas,  
 How doth poor Scotland's wanderer hail  
 thy ray,  
 Blest Sabbath! and with "joy of woe" survey  
 In thought his native dwelling mid its trees,—



And childhood's haunts,—and faces well beloved,—  
Friends of his soul by distance made more dear !  
Oh ! as fond memory scans them with a tear,  
By manhood be it shed,—and unreprieved :  
He thinks of times,—times ne'er to come again,—  
Sweet times, when to the old Kirk, hand in hand  
With those he loved in his far Fatherland,  
He wont on Sabbath morn to cross the plain.  
Tell him, Religion,—and 'twill soothe his pain,  
All yet shall meet on Heaven's eternal strand !

D. MOIR.



### Sabbath Hymn, (during a storm.)



THOU, the hearer, Lord, of prayer,  
Whom all Thy creatures bless,  
Our joy when life's bright day shines fair,  
Our refuge in distress !

A lonely family, to Thee  
Our Sabbath hymn we raise,  
Then, when we bend the suppliant knee,  
O Lord ! accept our praise !



When drifting storm and tempest rude  
Blow o'er this lonely vale,  
Yet Thou wilt guard our solitude  
Nor let Thy mercy fail.

Although within no hallow'd shrine  
We bear in praise our part,  
A lowly temple still is Thine  
In each believing heart.

Then grant, O Lord, within each breast  
Thine image may be found,  
Of every sinful thought divest,  
And spread Thy peace around.

Thou know'st each bosom's secret wish,  
Thou seest each hidden snare,—  
Grant these that seemeth good to Thee,  
Make us of those beware.

And like the flowers which grace our vale  
Now sheltered by Thy snow,  
From piercing blast or cutting hail  
Beneath Thy care they grow ;

Till milder suns and summer showers  
Renew their sweets again,  
To please the eye, to grace our bowers,  
And clothe the haunts of men.

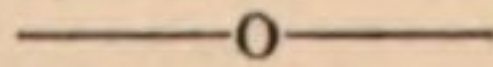


So keep us by Thy heavenly power,  
From each insidious foe,  
And through life's dark and wintry hour  
Still guard us here below.

Till Thy persuasive voice we hear,  
Which calls us to our home,  
A home where storms no more we fear,  
Where sorrows ne'er can come.

Though here we kneel, a lonely few,  
Yet in Thy Church above,  
Teach us to hymn Thy praises new,  
And join the choir of love!

E. P.



## Hymn for a Day of Thanksgiving.

“He sent His word and healed them.”

HE great Jehovah reigns above,  
In time of need our strength and tower,  
There angels sing His wondrous love,  
Here sinners tremble at His power.



Eternal justice guards Thy throne,  
Eternal truth Thy steps attend,—  
Thine is the sovereign right alone  
To punish, pardon, or defend.

Though clouds have veiled from mortal sight  
The palace chambers of Thy state,  
Around Thy dazzling throne of light  
Thy ministers of mercy wait.

Though justice for Thy broken laws  
Displayed its awful vengeance here,  
Yet mercy pleads the sinner's cause,  
And Thou hast lent a gracious ear.

When softened by Thy chastening hand  
We turned to penitence and Thee,  
Thy goodness spared our guilty land,  
And set our trembling spirits free.

Then blest be our Almighty Lord,  
Who reigns in heaven and earth supreme,  
May every heart obey His word,  
And every tongue His praise proclaim !

MARY PYPER.



## The Isles of the Gentiles.

ALM on the bosom of the deep  
A thousand beauteous islets lie;  
While glassy seas that round them sleep,  
Reflect the glories of the sky.

How radiant mid the watery waste,  
Their groves of emerald verdure smile,  
Like Eden-spots, in ocean placed,  
The weary pilgrim to beguile.

Graceful through forest vistas bright  
The fair Mimosa's shadows spread ;  
And 'gainst those skies of amber light  
The palm-tree lifts its towering head.

Alas ! that in those happy vales,  
Meet homes for pure and heaven-born love,  
Unholy discord still prevails,  
And weeping peace forsakes the grove.

Alas ! that on those lovely shores,  
Where earth and sky in beauty shine,  
And heaven profusely sheds its stores,  
Man should in heathen bondage pine.



O haste ! ye messengers of God,  
With hearts of zeal and tongues of flame,—  
Go ! spread the welcome sound abroad,  
That all may “bless Messiah’s name.”

That where the smoke of offerings base  
From idol fanes obscures the day,  
May rise the incense of a race  
Whose souls are taught by Heaven to pray.

When shall the solemn Sabbath bell  
Chime through those plains at morning prime,  
And choral hymns of praises swell  
Through those deep woods in notes sublime ?

Soft mingling with the wave’s low moan,  
The sound shall float o’er ocean’s breast,  
To tell the wave-tossed wanderer lone,  
“The ark of mercy here doth rest.”

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.



## Baptism of an Infant.

**B**USH thee, sweet child ! those drops whose fall  
Awoke thy little cry,  
Were meant to bless and not appal  
Thy soft blue dreaming eye.

Thou little know'st the gift bestowed,  
Else smiles instead of tears,  
And love and gratitude to God,  
Had been instead of fears.

Yet we who boast a mightier mind  
Dark mysteries to see,  
To heavenly blessings are as blind,  
Sweet innocent, as thee !

Although from heaven no holy Dove  
Descends upon thy head,  
As on the Lord of light and love,  
Where Jordan's waters spread ;—

May he who erst in Jordan's stream  
Received that sacred rite,  
Pour on thy infant soul a beam  
Of pure redeeming light.



And may thy whispered earthly name  
To heavenly courts arise ;  
And in God's golden book of fame  
Be read by angel eyes.

And may the prayers of mortals poured  
For thee, sweet bud of earth,  
In Heaven's immutable record  
Attest thy second birth.

Now thou art pleased ! and may thy brow  
For ever wear that smile,  
And may thy heart be free as now  
From sorrow and from guile.

With thee in growth may wisdom grow,  
And on that soul of thine  
May heavenly consolation flow  
To bless thy life's decline.

And when at last thy race is run,  
And nature sinks oppressed,  
May the Eternal Sire and Son  
Welcome thee to thy rest.

JOHN BETHUNE.



## Seeds of Truth.

**P**ARENT ! in that infant mind  
Heaven presents to thee a soil ;  
Be thy seeds of goodly kind  
So shall blessing crown thy toil.

Child ! receive the seeds of truth,  
Scattered by parental love ;  
So shall beauty deck thy youth,  
And thine age shall fruitful prove.

God of grace ! the *sower* bless,  
God of love ! enrich the *field*,  
So shall human happiness  
Glory to the Giver yield.

Mortal ! ne'er complain of dearth,  
Since to thee the boon is given,  
Seeds of truth to sow on earth  
For the harvest-home of Heaven !

REV. J. ANDERSON.



## Recovery from Sickness.

**T**HESSE eyes that were half closed in death  
Now dare the noontide blaze ;  
My voice, that scarce could speak my wants,  
Now hymns Jehovah's praise.

How pleasant to my feet, unused,  
To tread the daisied ground !  
How sweet to my unwonted ear,  
The streamlet's lulling sound.

How soft the first breath of the breeze,  
That on my temples played !  
How sweet the woodland evening song  
Full flowing down the glade !

But sweeter far the lark that soars  
Through morning's blushing ray ;  
For then unseen, unheard, I join  
His lonely heavenward way.

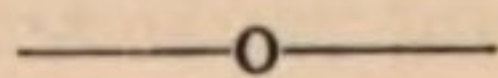
But sweeter still that infant voice  
With all its artless charms ;  
'Twas such as he that Jesus took,  
And cherished in His arms.



O Lord, my God ! all these delights  
I to Thy mercy owe ;  
For Thou hast raised me from the couch  
Of sickness, pain, and woe.

'Twas Thou that from the whelming wave  
My sinking soul redeemed ;  
'Twas Thou that o'er destruction's storm  
A calming radiance beamed.

GRAHAME.



## Awakenings.

“ FROM thy long winter sleep,  
Poor nature, rise !”  
So speaks the voice divine  
From yonder skies.  
Then murmurs sweet and low  
Answer the call,  
Voices of bird and bee,  
And fountain's fall ;  
The balmy breezes come,  
The gentle rain,—  
All over vale and hill  
Life wakes again.



“ From sin’s long deadly sleep  
Poor soul, arise !”

So heavenly mercy spoke  
From yonder skies.

Then Satan’s captive rose  
And burst his chain;

The dreams of midnight fled,  
All false and vain;

The mighty Friend drew near,  
Faithful and true,

Old things had passed away,  
All was made new!

“ From sorrow’s heavy sleep,  
Poor heart, arise !”

Thus spoke the voice of love  
From yonder skies.

Then through fast falling tears  
Hope’s rainbow stole,

Her soothing song was heard  
Within my soul,—

“ His promise hath not failed  
Through the sad past;

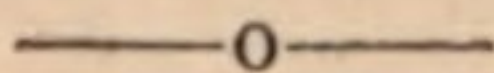
Weeping has long endured,  
Joy comes at last!”

“ From death’s long winter sleep,  
My people, rise !”



Soon shall that summons sound  
From yonder skies.  
Then from far-severed graves  
By land and sea,  
How gladly shall we haste,  
O Lord, to Thee !  
Soon shall that morning dawn,  
This night be gone ;  
Beloved ones ! till then  
In hope rest on !

H. L. L.



### A Voice from Galilee.

 HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto Me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.  
  
I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water,—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.



I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream,  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world's light ;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him, my Star, my Sun ;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

BONAR.

—O—

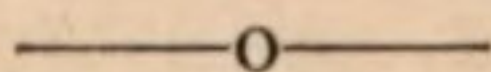


AS it a voice from heaven above, that called  
the wanderer home,  
Was it our Saviour's voice of love, that bid  
the weary come ?  
Is it an angel's hand I see,  
Through the gloom that beckons me,  
Where lightsome day most gloriously  
Beams beyond the tomb ?



And may a sinborn one presume to smile upon the  
grave? [cave!  
And calmly sink into the tomb, the king of terror's  
Yes! Death hath lost his sting!  
Hearken! Holy angels sing,  
Hell is vanquished, Christ, our King,  
The ransomed soul doth save?

J. A. P.



## Hymn.

**W**HEN with loads of guilt oppressed,  
Plunged in sin and misery,  
Ask thy soul, or ask thy breast,  
What has Jesus done for thee!

He beheld thee from above,  
Not in anger nor in scorn,  
But in tenderness and love,  
He thy deepest guilt has borne,

He has brought thee to His fold,  
Taught thee all His truth to know,  
Treasures far surpassing gold,  
Which from Him alone could flow.



He has bid thy trembling heart  
Look in faith to Him and live;  
He has promised to impart  
Every blessing grace can give.

Weak and erring though I be,  
Yet for me the Saviour dies,  
Help me, Lord, from sin to flee,  
Help me still through grace to rise.

Help me, too, to ask my heart,  
What hast thou for Jesus done?  
Then Thy heavenly strength impart,  
Every evil way to shun.

As a soldier of the cross  
Bold and fearless lead me on,  
Deeming all things here but dross,  
Till the glorious crown be won.

As I near the golden prize,  
Brighter, brighter let it shine,  
Let no mists obscure mine eyes,  
Make and keep me ever Thine!

MARY PYPER.



## Jehovah Tsidkenu.

*The Lord our Righteousness.*

**O**NCE was a stranger to grace and to God,  
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load,  
Though friends spoke in raptures of Christ on the tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,  
Isaiah's wild measure, and John's simple page;  
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu seem'd nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,  
I wept when the waters went over His soul;  
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree  
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,  
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;  
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name,  
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came  
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.



Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;  
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,  
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield!

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,  
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath,  
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,  
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death song shall be.

M'CHEYNE.

—o—

### *Hora Novissima.*

AR down the ages now,  
Her journey well nigh done,  
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,  
In haste to reach the crown.

The story of the past  
Comes up before her view;  
How well it seems to suit her still,  
Old, and yet ever new.

'Tis the same story still,  
Of sin and weariness,  
Of grace and love still flowing down,  
To pardon and to bless.



'Tis the old sorrow still,  
The briar and the thorn;  
And 'tis the same old solace yet,  
The hope of coming morn.

No wider is the gate,  
No broader is the way,  
No smother is the ancient path  
That leads to light and day.

No lighter is the load,  
Beneath whose weight we cry,  
No tamer grows the rebel flesh,  
Nor less our enemy.

No sweeter is the cup,  
Nor less our lot of ill;  
'Twas tribulation ages since,  
'Tis tribulation still.

No greener are the rocks,  
No fresher flow the rills,  
No roses in the wilds appear,  
No vines upon the hills.

Still dark the sky above,  
And sharp the desert air;  
'Tis wide, bleak desolation round,  
And shadows everywhere.



Dawn lingers on yon cliff,  
But Oh! how slow to spring!  
Morning still nestles on yon wave,  
Afraid to try its wing.

No slacker grows the fight,  
No feebler is the foe,  
No less the need of armour tried,  
Of shield and spear and bow.

Nor less we feel the blank  
Of earth's still absent King;  
Whose presence is of all our bliss  
The everlasting spring.

Thus onward still we press,  
Through evil and through good,  
Through pain, and poverty, and want,  
Through peril and through blood.

Still faithful to our God,  
And to our Captain true,  
We follow where He leads the way  
The Kingdom in our view!

H. BONAR.



## The Passover Cake.

“Ye shall keep it a Feast by an ordinance for ever.”—  
*Exodus xii. 14.*

**T**HESE Jews have kept their trust!  
God's witnesses this day,  
While generations passed to dust,  
While ages rolled away,  
Their Feast, ordained by Him, remains,  
As when He broke their fathers' chains.

Even now these tokens stand  
Unchanged, as when they trod  
In freedom forth from Egypt's land,  
Delivered by their God.  
And through the long dark lapse of years,  
A star of truth, His sign, appears.

Of Israel's glories past  
No vestige meets our sight,  
But the bread unleavened in their haste  
Bears witness of that night.  
A night to be remembered well  
By all the race of Israel!



Through suffering, sin, and woe,  
Through trembling, and through fears,  
When stern oppression brought them low,  
And they ate the bread of tears,  
Through calumny, reproach, and scorn,  
This star of truth these Jews have borne!

Through clouds of deeper shame,  
When outcasts from their God,  
When guilt was branded on their name,  
This sign approved His word;  
Alas! its meaning hid from view,  
The Lamb of God they never knew!

And darkly still they hold  
Their dim mysterious rite;  
O, hasten, Lord! the truth unfold  
Before Thy people's sight!  
On them, on us, be largely spread,  
The Blood of sprinkling, freely shed!

And while in them we trace  
These shadows cherished still,  
On us, O God, bestow the grace  
Their import to fulfil;  
And purge the *leaven* from each heart  
That in Thy feast would seek a part!

M. A.



## The Sympathy of Jesus.

**S**OFTLY fell the shades of evening  
Over Galilee's blue sea,  
Shrouding with a veil, the beauty  
Which had gleamed o'er hill and tree.

Then the Saviour, worn and weary,  
With His days of toil and care,  
Sent the thousands home rejoicing,  
In the bounty all might share.

Leaving all, He sought the mountain ;  
For His spirit longed to rest  
In communion with His Father,  
In adoring worship blest.

While entranc'd in heavenly musings,  
Swift the tempest rose on high,  
Wild the storm-toss'd billows sounded  
'Mid the darkness of the sky.

His disciples He remembered  
In the darkness and the storm ;  
And, ere long, across the waters  
They beheld their Master's form.

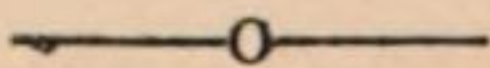


Terror seized them as they saw Him  
Move along the angry deep,  
But He hushed its wild commotion  
Into calm and gentle sleep.

Fear not, 'tis your Lord and Saviour;  
Thus He speaks unto His friends,  
I will watch, and save, and bless you,  
With a love that never ends.

Jesus, 'mid life's storms and tempests,  
May we safe in Thee abide ;  
And when crossing Jordan's river,  
Oh ! be Thou our God and Guide.

H.



## The Hour of Prayer.

“ Evening, morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud ;  
and He shall hear my voice.”—*Psalms* lv. 17.



O ! 'tis the Hour of Prayer ;  
Night bindeth up her raven hair,  
The diadem from her dark brow,  
With gems begirt she lifteth now,



One star she leaves to herald in the sun,  
Then in the shadowy twilight dun,  
She flies his beams before :  
Go ! 'tis the Hour of Prayer.

Lose not the Hour of Prayer ;  
Through all the heated quivering air,  
The sun pours living light,  
And *noontide* blazeth bright ;  
Shake off the chains that indolence would wreathe,  
Thy fervent heartfelt aspirations breathe,  
Pour forth thy soul to God :  
Now 'tis the Hour of Prayer.

The Hour of Prayer is come,  
The sun hath journeyed home ;  
Labour is o'er, and sweet repose  
Soon will thy wearied eyelids close ;  
Hold off its soft oblivion for a while,  
Till thou hast sought thy heavenly Father's smile,  
Thy Saviour's peace received,  
Haste ; 'tis the hour of Prayer.



## PART II.

“At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto Thee because of Thy righteous judgments.”—*Psalm cxix. 62.*

ANOTHER golden Hour of Prayer ;  
Thy couch hath found thee wakeful there ;  
Around, dark midnight reigns o'er all,  
And slumber weaves her wondrous thrall ;  
Silence herself seems stilled to deeper rest,  
Thou hear'st thy swelling bosom's throbbing guest,  
In the dread hush around ;  
An Hour for deepest Prayer !

No eye but His, to mark the strife,  
The wrestling agony for life,  
The Spirit ! stirring mouldering bones !  
With tears and agonizing groans,  
In intercession strong for thee ;  
Urging each promise and almighty plea,  
Christ's poured-out soul and blood ;  
Till God shall grant thy prayer.

MONTAGUE STANLEY.



## Behold the Lamb of God.

ONTEMPLATE, saints, the source divine  
Whence all your joys have flowed ;  
With wondering minds and praising hearts  
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

Redeemed from wrath, and from the stroke  
Of Heaven's avenging rod,  
Pouring His precious blood for you,  
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

Freed from the pangs of conscious guilt,  
And sin's afflicting load,  
To Jesus' blood you owe your grace,  
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

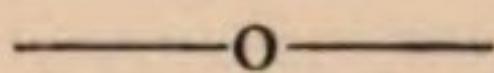
With holy mind and heart renewed  
Run ye the narrow road ;  
His sprinkled blood has cleansed your souls,  
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

Each heavenly blessing ye receive,  
Through Jesus is bestowed ;  
In every good your souls possess,  
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”



Hope ye in heaven with God at last  
To find your blessed abode ?  
Still, as the ground of all your hopes,  
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

DR. WARDLAW.



## Fountain of Siloam.

“ The waters of Shiloah that go softly. ” — *Isaiah* viii. 6.



ENEATH Moriah's rocky side  
A gentle fountain springs,  
Silent and soft its waters glide,  
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

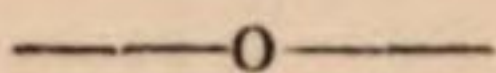
The thirsty Arab stoops to drink  
Of the cool and quiet wave,  
And the thirsty spirit stoops to think  
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,  
It means, “ *One sent from God ;* ”  
And thus the holy Saviour's fame  
It gently spreads abroad.



O grant that I, like this sweet well,  
May Jesus' image bear;  
And spend my life, my all, to tell  
How full His mercies are !

M<sup>c</sup>CHEYNE



## The Well.

“Then Israel sang this song, Spring up, O well : sing ye  
unto it.”—*Numbers* xxi. 17.

“PRING up, spring up, O well,”  
Did chosen Israel cry ;  
And who their joy can tell  
When from the desert dry,  
Before their marvelling eyes  
The sparkling waters rise !

Spring up, spring up, O well  
Of living waters clear,  
That Life, eternal Life,  
My thirsty soul may cheer,  
In this dry parched land  
Fresh from my Saviour's hand.



Spring up, spring up, O well  
Of heavenly hope divine,  
My doubts and fears dispel,  
Then I shall ne'er repine,  
Though dark may be the way,  
It leads to endless day.

S. D.

—o—

E sadly watched the close of all,  
Life balanced in a breath,  
We saw upon his features fall  
The awful shade of death.  
All desolate and dark we were,  
And murmuring nature cried,  
“Oh, surely, Lord! hadst thou been here  
Our brother had not died!”

But when its glance the memory cast  
On all that grace had done ;  
And thought of life's long warfare past  
And endless victory won,  
Then faith prevailing wiped the tear,  
And looking upward cried,  
“O Lord! Thou surely *hast* been here  
Our brother has *not* died!”

REV. J. D. BURNS.



## Hymn.

Y Saviour, be Thou near me  
Through life's night,  
I cry, and Thou wilt hear me,  
Be my light!  
My dim sight aching  
Gently Thou'rt making  
Meet for awaking,  
Where all is bright.

O, through time's swelling ocean,  
Be my Guide!  
From tempest's wild commotion  
Hide, O hide!  
Life's crystal river,  
Storms ruffle never,  
Anchor me ever  
On that calm tide.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.



**E**ARTH, thou wert baptized in light,  
When the Spirit brooded o'er thee;  
Fair thou wert in God's own sight,  
And a life of joy before thee;  
But Thy day was turned to night,  
And an awful change came o'er thee.  
Then thou wert baptized again,  
In the avenging cleansing flood;  
Afterward for guilty men  
Christ baptized thee with His blood;  
Yet, to efface the stain of crime,  
God shall light thy funeral pyre,  
And the fourth and final time,  
Thou shalt be baptized with fire.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.



“We shall see Him as He is.”

**N**OT as He was, a houseless stranger,  
With no home to shield His head,  
Not as seen in Bethlehem's manger,  
Where the hornéd oxen fed.

Not as in the garden groaning,  
Plunged in deep mysterious woe,  
All the guilt of man bemoaning,  
While the precious blood-sweats flow.

Not as seen on Calvary's mountain,  
Where He offered up His soul,  
Opening wide that sacred fountain  
Which alone can make us whole.

Not as He was, a pale and breathless  
Captive in the shades beneath,  
But as He is, immortal, deathless,  
Conqueror o'er the powers of death!

Yes, we shall see Him in our nature,  
Seated on His lofty Throne,  
Loved, adored by every creature,  
Own'd as God, and God alone!



There countless hosts of shining spirits  
Strike their harps, and loudly sing  
To the praise of Jesus' merits,  
To the glory of their King!

When we pass o'er death's dark river,  
We shall see Him as He is,  
Resting in His love and favour,  
Owning all the glory His.

There to cast our crowns before Him,  
O! what bliss the thought affords!  
There for ever to adore Him,—  
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

MARY PYPER.

—o—

“Come, see the place where the  
Lord lay.”

“OME, see the place where Jesus lay,”  
The white robed angel said,  
As Mary wept with fond delay  
Beside that vacant bed,  
“Come, see this place, no more His prison,  
He is not here, Thy Lord is risen!”



Come, see the place where Jesus lay,  
The lowly, lonely cell,  
Where He who fills Eternity  
For sinful man did dwell!  
Those sins which men so little fear  
Brought Him, the Lord of glory, here!

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,  
O Christian, come, and weep,  
And, if thou canst, His sorrows weigh  
Who here erewhile did sleep.  
Behold the place of His repose,  
How low He stooped! how high He rose!

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,  
O trembling mourner, come,  
And hear the voice that speaks to-day,  
From that forsaken tomb,  
"Believe and live, for Jesus died,  
None perish who in Him abide."

Then let us gaze where Jesus lay,  
Nor fear, when at His word  
Our souls must leave their house of clay,  
To sleep where slept our Lord.  
A star hath risen from His tomb,  
A Light Divine hath pierced its gloom!

M. A.



## The Christian Graces.

**W**HAT is Faith? It is to see  
Jesus bleed and die for me!  
'Tis to trust that He has won  
All I've set my heart upon.

What is Hope? It is to know  
Comfort midst the deepest woe:  
'Tis to fix the inward eye  
On a home beyond the sky.

What is Love? It is to find  
Brethren, friends, in all mankind;  
'Tis to bid the wretched share  
In our bounty, feel our care.

Faith discerns where Jesus trod,  
Hope supports us on the road,  
Love instructs us to display  
Christian kindness by the way.

Heavenly Dove! descend and bring  
All these graces on Thy wing;  
That my Saviour's eye may see  
Faith, and Hope, and Love in me.

R. HUIE.



“Work while it is called to-day.”

**W**ORK! thy mission is not slumber;  
Sleep beseemeth not the soul;  
Sins and sorrows, without number,  
Stand between thee and the goal.

Tremble! lest thy foot should stumble,  
Death pursues on fleetest steed;  
Strive with courage, yet be humble,  
Be the wings of prayer thy speed!

Fear! lest pleasure should entice thee  
To forget the holy prize;  
Fear! lest riches should advise thee  
Heavenly treasures to despise.

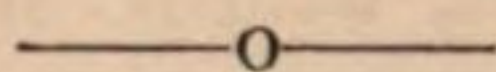
Tremble! for the heart within thee,  
Tremble for the world without;  
Fear! lest sin or sorrow win thee  
Once to droop, despond, or doubt.

Work! and rend each galling fetter  
Satan would impose on thee;  
Rest not, either worse or better  
Every day thy soul must be.



Fearing, trembling, striving, praying,  
Onward like yon rolling river!  
Man's delaying, proves decaying,  
Soul immortal, resteth never.

REV. J. ANDERSON.



**A**WAY, away, to yonder hills  
My fancy strays,  
Their calm repose my spirit fills,  
While there I gaze.

I've looked upon their silent forms  
From day to day;  
I've seen them girt around with storms,  
With sunshine gay;

When o'er them spread the morning bright  
Her veil of blue;  
When purple evening's mellow light  
Gave glories new.

My gaze was there when hope and joy  
Within me burned;  
In sorrow there my streaming eye  
Hath often turned.



And now to me those ancient hills  
As friends are dear,  
And quiet thought my bosom stills  
When these appear.

While generations rose and fell  
Of this our race,  
These mountains all unchangeable  
Have held their place.

And in their place those hills will rise,  
And calm look on,  
As peaceful through the summer skies  
When we are gone!

And O, the troubles of the hour  
Pass light away,  
When brought before the silent power  
Of ages gray,  
Of shapes that through their dimness tower,  
Types of Eternity!

Yes, types, but *only types*, these mountains are  
Of endless things,  
The soul can rise above them far  
And spread her wings,



And cry, "the portion of my heart  
No change can move,—  
The hills the mountains may depart,  
*But not God's love!*"

M. A.

—o—

I Cor. xiii. 12.

**H**ERE, as through a glass, we darkly,  
Doubtfully, and dimly gaze;  
Even the brightest things have shadows,  
Round the clearest hangs a haze:  
They who bask within the rays  
In the realms of bliss,  
Changed have for doubtful vision  
Perfect sight and full fruition.  
They know there, as they are known,  
Christ doth claim them as His own,  
Where they stand  
Round about the Throne of Grace,  
Gazing on Him face to face  
In the Land of Light,  
The bright immortal Land!

DR. GEORGE WILSON.



Siloam.

“And Jesus said unto him, go, wash in the pool of Siloam.”  
—*John ix. 7.*

**C**HRISTIANS! hark what heavenly chorus  
Wakes the echo of the sky!  
What bright spirits these before us  
Throng the blissful realms on high?

Once they were in tribulation,  
Sin obscured their bright array,  
Till the Fountain of Salvation  
Wash'd their guilty stains away.

Still that Fountain, full as ever,  
All alike are free to share;  
Nor can guilty sinners ever  
Come too heavy laden there.

Come! all ye whose souls are dreary,  
Toss'd with fears, with doubts distressed;  
Here is shelter for the weary,  
To the heavy-laden rest!

Lord, we come! not one awanting,  
By Thy grace our souls redeem,



Like the hart for water panting,  
All would drink the sacred stream.

We come! to hear the joyous story,  
And to wash our garments white;  
Free to all the realms of glory,  
Endless day which knows no night.

REV. J. R. MACDUFF.

—o—

### The Inner Calm.

ALM me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast,  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Let Thine outstretched wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,  
Beside her desert spring.



Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet,  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power  
My listening spirit stir;  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.



## Not alone.

M not alone,—the Father lives,  
His presence fills all time and space;  
Life, health, and joy, to all He gives,  
Who seek the influence of His grace.

I'm not alone, the Son hath said,  
“Lo! we will come and dwell with thee,  
If My commands, through love obeyed,  
Be more than meat and drink to thee.”

I'm not alone,—the Spirit's power  
Will guide me through life's thorny road;  
If making Him my strength and tower,  
I seek through Him the way to God.

I'm not alone,—a countless host  
Of shining spirits watch my way,  
To guard me to the heavenly coast,  
To realms of everlasting day.

I'm not alone,—though sin and care  
May dim my eyes with many a tear,  
These holy watchers still are there  
With heavenly balm my heart to cheer.



I'm not alone,—then mount, my soul,  
And seek thy all above the skies,  
This is the magnet, this the goal,  
And this the everlasting prize.

When on eternity's dread verge  
My parting spirit trembling stands,  
Lord! give Thy holy angels charge  
To bear me safely in their hands.

And guard me to that hidden place,  
Where all that sleep in Thee shall come,  
Tended by ministers of grace,  
To wait their fixed and final doom.

When bursting from my bed of dust,  
I stand before Thy judgment throne,  
Be Thou my refuge, Thou my trust,  
Lord, let me feel I'm not alone!

MARY PYPER.



 CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,  
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,  
E'en in its very motion there was rest,  
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,  
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;  
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.



“For ever with the Lord.”

“**F**OR ever with the Lord!”  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality!

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,  
The golden gates appear.

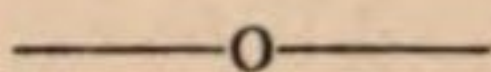
Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land of love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

Yet, clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies,  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.



Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease,  
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the Bow of Peace.

MONTGOMERY.



## Missionary Hymn.

“All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.”  
—*Isaiah* lii, 10.

**H**ASTEN, Lord, that morn of glory,  
When the world shall groan no more,  
When the Gospel's joyous story,  
Shall be spread from shore to shore.

Speed the glorious proclamation,  
Let Messiah's power increase;  
Every tribe, and tongue, and nation,  
Welcome in the Prince of Peace.

Wake your echoes rocks of Kedar!  
Midian! Ephah! own His grace,  
“Fir, and pine, and box, and cedar,  
Beautify His holy place!”



Blessed time, when every dwelling  
Shall one joyful anthem raise;  
Every heart with rapture swelling,  
Thrilling every tongue with praise.

When the leopard and the lion,  
With the lamb in peace shall lie,  
And within the earthly Zion  
Dwell the love that reigns on high!

Firmament, now glowing o'er us!  
Mountains, rivers, isles, and sea!  
All combine to swell the chorus  
That will ring earth's jubilee!

REV. J. R. MACDUFF.

—o—

## B e wise To-day.

 HAPPY they,  
Who, wise to-day,  
Cut off the bud of sorrow!

Much woe he spares,  
Sharp sighs and prayers,  
Who is wise before to-morrow.



O foolish mind,  
Of Adam's kind !  
Pride walks with vaunting paces ;  
When the wrong is done,  
Lost Error's son  
His limping march retraces.

What skill shall bind  
The bleeding mind,  
When bitter memory grieves it ?  
We bear a scar  
From folly's war,  
When only God perceives it.

Could mortal clay  
Shake sin away,  
Like dress, then all were holy,  
But we breathe here  
The atmosphere,  
And element of folly.

O spirits kind,  
On mortals blind  
Look with an eye of sorrow !  
Unless ye guide,  
My prancing pride  
Will be wise in vain to-morrow.

J. S. BLACKIE.



Benedicite.

NGELS holy,  
High and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord!  
Earth and sky, all living nature,  
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,  
Night and noonlight,  
Starry temples azure-floored,  
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,  
Sons of God that shout for gladness,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,  
Tell His glory,  
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!  
Pulse of waters blithely beating,  
Wave advancing, wave retreating,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rock and high land,  
Wood and island,  
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,  
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,  
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!



Rolling river,  
Praise Him ever,  
From the mountain's deep vein poured ;  
Silver fountain clearly gushing,  
Troubled torrent madly rushing,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Bond and free man,  
Land and sea man,  
Earth with peoples widely stored,  
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,  
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord !

Praise Him ever,  
Bounteous Giver !  
Praise Him, Father, Friend and Lord !  
Each glad soul its free course winging,  
Each glad voice its free song singing,  
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

J. S. BLACKIE.



## *Chronological Index of Authors.*

—O—

|                                                             | <i>Place of Birth.</i> | <i>Born.</i> | <i>Died.</i> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| Sir Richard Maitland, ( <i>Judge,</i> )                     | Lethington,            | 1496         | 1586         |
| James Wedderburn, ( <i>Converted Priest,</i> )              | Dundee,                | 1500         | 1564         |
| William Alexander, ( <i>created Earl of Stirling,</i> )     | Menstrie,              | 1580         | 1641         |
| William Drummond, of Hawthornden.                           |                        | 1585         | 1649         |
| Alexander Montgomery, ( <i>published his works, 1597.</i> ) |                        |              |              |
| David Dickson, ( <i>Minister,</i> )                         | Glasgow,               | 1583         | 1662         |
| Sir William Mure of Rowallan.                               | Ayrshire,              | 1594         | 1657         |
| Alexander Hume, ( <i>Minister of Logie,</i> )               | Polwarth,              | 1560         | 1609         |
| Ralph Erskine, ( <i>Minister,</i> )                         |                        | 1685         | 1752         |
| James Thomson, ( <i>Author of the Seasons,</i> )            | Ednam,                 | 1700         | 1748         |
| John Logan, ( <i>Minister,</i> )                            | Soutra,                | 1748         | 1788         |
| William Cameron, ( <i>Minister,</i> )                       | Aberdeenshire,         | 1751         | 1811         |
| Michael Bruce, ( <i>Teacher,</i> )                          | Kinnesswood,           | 1746         | 1767         |
| James Grant,                                                | Edinburgh,             |              |              |
| James Graham, ( <i>Author of the Sabbath,</i> )             | Glasgow,               | 1765         | 1811         |
| John Leyden,                                                | Roxburghshire,         | 1775         | 1811         |
| Lady Nairne,                                                | Gask,                  | 1766         | 1845         |



|                                                        | <i>Place of Birth.</i> | <i>Born.</i> | <i>Died.</i> |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| James Hogg, ( <i>The Ettrick Shepherd,</i> )           | Ettrick,               | 1770         | 1835         |
| James Montgomery,                                      | Irvine,                | 1771         | 1854         |
| Ralph Wardlaw, ( <i>Minister,</i> )                    | Dalkeith,              | 1779         | 1853         |
| Sir Robert Grant, ( <i>Governor of Bombay,</i> )       |                        | 1785         | 1838         |
| David Vedder, ( <i>Sailor,</i> )                       | Orkney,                | 1790         | 1854         |
| Lady Flora Hastings,                                   | Edinburgh,             | 1806         | 1839         |
| John Wilson, ( <i>Professor of Moral Philosophy,</i> ) | Paisley,               | 1785         | 1854         |
| John Bethune, ( <i>Labourer,</i> )                     | Monimail,              | 1810         | 1839         |
| Montague Stanley, ( <i>Artist,</i> )                   | Dundee,                | 1809         | 1844         |
| David Moir, ( <i>Physician,</i> )                      | Musselburgh,           | 1798         | 1851         |
| Robert Murray M'Cheyne, ( <i>Minister,</i> )           | Edinburgh,             | 1813         | 1843         |
| George Wilson,                                         | Edinburgh,             | 1818         | 1859         |
| J. A. P.,                                              |                        |              | 1839         |
| E. P.,                                                 |                        |              | 1837         |

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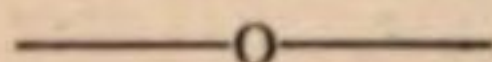
Andrew Young. Mary Pyper. H. L. L. C. T. M. A.

J. J. D. H., &c.





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